Talking of Peace *The Editors*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

February 18, 1967, 35 cents

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New Approach to East Europe

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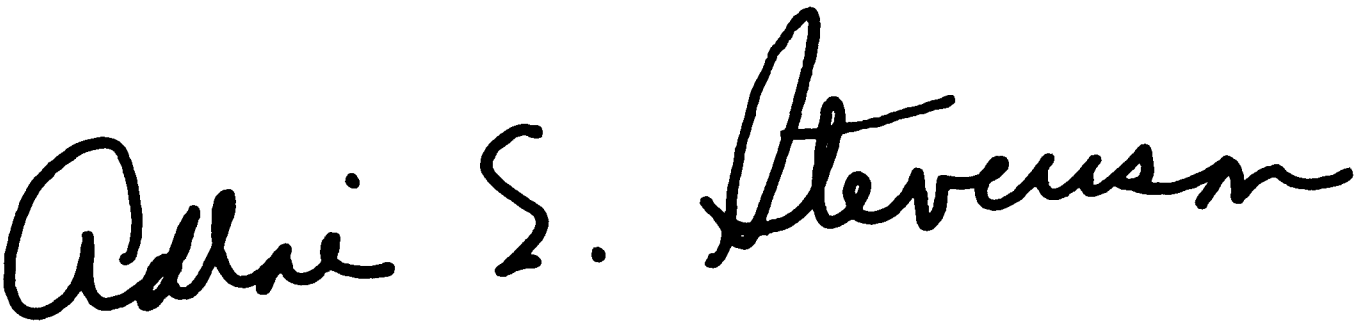

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

New Image

★ Meet Underdog Lyndon. . . . It's the new image. We had meant to comment on it before. He's quiet; he's modest; he's restrained. And we can tell you, folks, a humble Mr. Johnson is an awesome sight. Do we like the new role? Why, yes, on the whole, we do; we think he's been quite effective in the past few weeks, though how long the thing will last with the mercurial President we can't imagine.

Mr. Johnson's low point came, probably, four days before the election when he made his inexplicable statement that he had not cancelled any campaign trip; a campaign trip all the reporters knew about, even to itineraries. The baffling President only had to say that he was preparing to undergo surgery to explain his reversal but, instead, he chose the make-believe that he had never planned a trip at all. The election came. Republicans made a normal bounce-back, and Johnson went into a three-month partial blackout.

Then came Underdog Lyndon. The first appearance was in the State of the Union address. He was sober, muted, and quiet. None of the old bombast. Reporters pinched themselves. Old-timers blanched and trembled when they heard Mr. Johnson admit that he didn't know all the answers, and even that "where there have been mistakes we will try to correct them." There was a little snickering over the new mood, of course, as there always is, over anything new but we noticed all at once at dinner parties that people were not gossiping about the personality of the larger-than-life President but were talking about his problems.

Mr. Johnson seemed to be lightening ship of some old myths. His budget no longer postulated ending the war in a year but talked about longer burdens. The pretense that the war wouldn't cut into the Great Society was all but dropped. So was the idea that we wouldn't need more taxes: to the surprise of almost everybody he proposed more taxes. Then the economic message dropped the unenforceable guideposts.

Everything seemed a bit more realistic if less comfortable. Subsequently, too, the Pentagon blew up another myth – about airplane losses in Vietnam. With some juggling of words they turn out to be just about double what was previously reported.

"Underdog Lyndon" made his next appearance at the White House press conference, February 2. He was quite effective, most agreed. It was held under the crystal chandeliers and amid the gilt mirrors of the loveliest room in Washington, the great ballroom of the White House, with Mr. Johnson standing between the large oil paintings of George and Martha Washington. (I caught George's eye once and he winked at me.)

Mr. Johnson faced the TV lights with a kind of fervent breathlessness. We had the impression of a man who wanted to appear earnest, and who was earnest. He rubbed his hands together once or twice as though washing them. "I'm going to do the very best I can. I need all the help I can get," he said. He said that he went to bed every night feeling that he had failed because he had not got peace in Vietnam. He would order suspension of bombing, he said, if North Vietnam took "just almost any step."

And why shouldn't we think Mr. Johnson sincere? The war is murdering his Administration. He wants out. If he can't settle it one way or another in the next 12 months, Heaven help the Democrats! Mr. Johnson may be wrong, but he is as patriotic as the next man. And he is a practicing politician. In a city buzzing with unverified peace-feeler rumors this column gets a good deal of satisfaction from the latter fact.

Best Buy

★ We have always felt that one of the best buys in Washington is the annual (1967) Economic Report of the President (Superintendent of Documents, US Government Printing Office, $1.25, postage free). It's the most up-to-date, comprehensive account of the world's biggest economy. And it answers questions like this: Suppose we really wanted to end poverty in America, how much would it cost?

First define "poverty": The Social Security Administration statistically classifies a household as "poor" if it falls below $1570 for an unrelated individual, $2030 for a couple, and $3200 for a family of four.

All right, next: How many come under that category today in the US? A table on page 140 gives the answer. America has been reducing poverty. The incidence was 24 percent in 1959, and is down to 19 percent in 1965. That sounds good and is good, but it is still outrageously high in the world's richest nation. The number of "poor" households was 13.4 millions in 1959, and today is 11.5 millions.

Why Wait?

★ Without doubt the US is going to wipe out poverty (in the technical sense) in a few generations. But why wait? The bitter heritage of poverty – the descendants of children raised in rat-infested ghettos where garbage collects in corridors and toilets don't flush will last for a century after the magic borderline (or its future equivalent) has been passed.

How much would it cost to end poverty *now*? The table on page 140 gives the answer. It is the "poverty income gap" – "the amount which would raise money income of all poor households over the poverty threshold." The sum is $11 billion a year; well under half of the present cost of the Vietnam war.

Will America end "poverty" before long? Yes, of course we will. Few people realize how close we are to it already. We could do it tomorrow if we cared to face the shock of unparalleled prosperity, and the revolution of improved lives. And in this connection we were delighted to see that the *NYTimes* Sunday magazine reprinted as its leading article February 5, testimony by Daniel P. Moynihan, "The Case for a Family Allowance." We wrote about it December 24. The future lies in that direction.

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Talking of Peace

President Johnson and Vice President Humphrey have been asking everybody to shush during what Walt Rostow calls "an extremely interesting and delicate phase in what is or might turn out to be a negotiating process" over Vietnam. And the first use Bill Moyers made of his private citizen's freedom from White House restraints was to announce that "Vietnam has moved from the hopeless state to a stage where the word 'settlement' can start being used." What it seems to boil down to is that both Washington and Saigon are conducting a probe mainly to determine if it's the disastrous turn of events in China that is producing those signals from Hanoi. Secretary of State Dean Rusk describes this as "exploring the possibilities to find out whether or not the present upheaval in China may give Hanoi somewhat more freedom of action." There seems no doubt that North Vietnam is thinking of peace talks. British Prime Minister Harold Wilson on February 7 in the House of Commons in answer to a question about Vietnam confirmed that there were "discussions in December of which of course I have the details." The "discussions" apparently took place between Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge and a Polish diplomat and were aimed at arranging a meeting between American and North Vietnamese representatives in Warsaw, a plan which collapsed when US planes again bombed near Hanoi, on December 13 and 14.

The real point at issue now is the sort of settlement Washington and Saigon have in mind if Hanoi *is* willing to talk. They could easily douse the glimmer of hope of a negotiated settlement by assuming that disruption of supplies from China coming on top of this country's bombing of North Vietnam has got Hanoi's back to the wall. The South Vietnamese head of state, General Nguyen Van Thieu, wants to hold off from negotiations until Hanoi's military situation is "worse," and he boasted on February 3 that the United States is "too deeply committed to disengage" and that whatever American government is in power after the 1968 presidential election will be bound to support the Vietnam war. General Van Thieu, therefore, wants the fighting to go on at least that long, and in his interview with the *London Times's* correspondent in Saigon he was frank about his reasons: "If we have the same number of troops, and have stability, and good government, and if the Viet Cong continue losing at their present rate, I think it will take four years to finish." Four "ifs" and he added one more; it could go "even quicker" only if they

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had enough troops to "submerge the whole country." Well, they already have almost one million troops: South Vietnamese, South Korean and American. That huge number seems commentary enough on General Van Thieu's recipe for speedier victory. President Johnson surely is wiser when he talks of peace through "concessions on both parts."

General Van Thieu speaks of the Viet Cong "fading away" under "relentless military pressure." If the Viet Cong did, they would simply submerge their guerrilla structure, to surface it again intact once the Americans were gone – and not even General Van Thieu expects us to be in his country forever. According to what Defense Secretary McNamara told Congress on January 23 there are 275,000 "enemy troops" in South Vietnam, of whom only 45,000 are from the North. Obviously, if there are to be successful negotiations for peace, the Southern Viet Cong have to be full participants and accept the results of the negotiations.

North Vietnamese Foreign Minister Nguyen Duy Trinh on February 3 said in effect that there could be talks between his country and the US if the bombing of the North stopped; the North Vietnamese press subsequently clarified this to include the Viet Cong in such talks. The Pope, the Poles, and presumably the Russians, too, would like to see a cease-fire on existing lines as well as a bombing halt. That is not a settlement but could be the prelude to one. Thereafter, a caretaker government built on troika principles could take over from the present Ky-Thieu junta. A third of the caretakers, the Poles suggest, would be Ky men, a third would be Viet Cong, and the rest would represent Buddhists, Catholics and other South Vietnamese elements. This transition government would remain until there can be internationally supervised, genuinely free elections; presumably U Thant and the United Nations could do the supervising. The Polish suggestion is quite significant. The Poles are in close communication with both Hanoi and the Viet Cong, yet their plan does not mention reunification of North and South Vietnam, or American forces getting out before there can be talks, or the Viet Cong's former constant refrain that they are the "sole genuine representatives" of the South Vietnamese people.

"Gentlemen, we must face the grim possibility that peace could break out at any moment."

At this moment, a Constituent Assembly is in session in Saigon, drafting a new constitution. Article 38 of the draft says the future South Vietnamese national assembly shall have a determining voice in peace talks. A presidential election had been planned to take place six months after the promulgation of the new constitution, and congressional elections not later than 12 months after the presidential election. Now, however, South Vietnamese Prime Minister Nguyen Cao Ky mentions having the presidential election as early as July, and General Van Thieu suggests electing both a president and a new national assembly in September. Why not speed things up even more? The new constitution could be ready sooner and by spring there could be a civilian government talking with the Viet Cong about a cease-fire and eventual, internationally supervised elections in the South. Ky and Thieu sometimes speak about letting selected individual members of the Viet Cong into a new South Vietnamese government – once they've "sincerely" disavowed communism. Thieu has added that he doesn't seriously expect anyone from the Viet Cong to be attracted by this offer. He's almost certainly right. President Johnson's "concessions on both parts" won't be fulfilled by having a US-backed, anti-communist South Vietnamese government with some repentant ex-Reds in it, any more than if Saigon had a government that was fanatically communist and vengeful. To heal the civil war, what's needed in South Vietnam is a more representative government that devotes itself to reconciliation. If it succeeded, its handiwork could be crowned with international guarantees of Vietnam's independence and neutrality.

Neither side in Vietnam can count on the unconditional surrender of the other. That's why a genuine settlement is possible. Senator Robert Kennedy says these next weeks are crucial. He may be right and peace may be beginning its difficult birth.

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Charity Ends at Home

New Jersey and Rhode Island provide two examples of how our principled public, committed though it may be to sacrifice in Vietnam, can take a narrower view of responsibility when challenged in its own back yard.

In Vineland, New Jersey, an attempt by federal and state officials to improve living conditions for migrant workers in South Jersey, by building a centralized $380,000 modern camp to replace substandard accommodations on farms, has been stalemated by protesting Cumberland County farmers and Vineland residents. The proposed 12-acre camp would include 37 family units and 161 single units for 300 workers and their families in this city, the largest in New Jersey (68 square miles) and known as the egg capital of the world. The project, financed by federal grants and loans, represented a joint effort by the New Jersey Office of Economic Opportunity and the Vineland housing authority. It is said to be the first time in the northeastern United States that the OEO and a housing authority teamed up to provide adequate housing, sanitation, education and health care for migrant labor.

The farmers wouldn't have it; it was federal and state intervention in their business. They were joined by some Vineland residents who lived near the proposed camp site. After 265 residents, including 90 farmers, signed a protest petition the local housing authority withdrew the plans. The real reasons the farmers objected, according to officials, was that the migrants would not be living on their land and would therefore not be under the control of just one farmer; also a central camp would make it easier for labor leaders to organize the workers. Moreover, crew bosses, who recruit migrants for a percentage and who sell liquor and food to them at a mark-up, didn't like it.

Last summer, state NAACP officials had reported that Negro migrant laborers on some farms were living in "modern day slavery." An ABC television crew, which came to New Jersey to get the story, instead got into a scrap with a farmer and his hired men. The TV men filed assault and battery charges; in turn, the farmer, Louis Pizzo, who is a member of the state migrant labor board, charged them with trespassing. In September, several growers, including Pizzo, were fined $575 for violations of the state migrant labor code. One state official claims there have been 25,000 violations of the code in the last 18 months. The mayor of Vineland points out that, "There will be a labor shortage here before long, and we may need something like this [camp]." But he doesn't want "Washington or Trenton to come in and force this down our throats."

In Rhode Island, whose citizens have been willing to vote and spend money for a considerable number of health and welfare services, the hometown folk have blocked another effort at social rehabilitation. An organization to aid former law offenders, Opportunities Inc., has been operating for some time. About two years ago, it was proposed that the organization set up a home for wayward boys 13 to 16 years old, boys whose anti-social behavior is beyond the remedial ability of their families and schools, but "not so severe as to justify commitment to an institution." The boys would be referred to the new home by the Family Court – Rhode Island's juvenile and divorce court. Believed to be the first of its kind, the project had support from the governor, Rhode Island's two senators and its two congressmen. It also had available $92,735 from the federal government, given under the Law Enforcement Assistance Act.

With all this going for them, representatives of Opportunities Inc. started looking for a place to locate their home. They are still looking. They started with 78 possible locations and visited 35. There are 39 cities and towns in Rhode Island, each with its own government. Opportunities Inc. went to most of them. They approached town councils, civic organizations, individuals, but no dice; a fine idea – somewhere else.

The reasons, not necessarily in this order, were that it would lower property values, destroy neighborhood identity and security, that it would be noisy, that boys from the school would be a burden to local schools. In one particularly bitter hearing, someone said that old women lived near the proposed location and "these women would live in fear in their lonely days and their still lonelier nights." Another man said, "[the boys are] not going to twiddle their thumbs and read all day." And this from a concerned parent: "It would be obnoxious to have 10 wayward boys standing near my daughter at a school bus stop." The Rev. Harry W. McIntyre, a prison chaplain, asked the people to "join with us and try to revolutionize in this area of juvenile delinquency." The answer from the floor: "We are for kids and I think this is a disgrace that you imply we are not."

A few weeks ago, Opportunities Inc. went to Foster, a small rural Yankee town. It had an option to buy some property there and wanted to work quietly until things were settled. But it's hard to keep a secret in a small town. The town had no way of legally blocking Opportunities Inc., since Foster has no zoning ordinance any such establishment could be said to violate. So the town fathers, presented with a petition of 402 anti-home people, decided to do things "the democratic way" by a vote of resident taxpayers. It's possible the good people of Foster might yet give their assent, but it seems improbable.

One might think Opportunities Inc. had in mind a building for several hundred boys. All they need is a house for 12 boys, and maybe not that many.

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Johnson's Crime Message

It is a pleasure to read a 5,600-word report on crime that never once stoops to the cheap trick of blaming it all on the Supreme Court. Omission of any reference in the presidential message last week to "criminal-coddling" justices and judges left a vacuum, of course, and some in Congress were quick to fill it. House Republican Leader Ford promptly said the message "focuses on a number of important problem areas but neglects some key points," one of which, he said, was to urge "that the courts uphold the rights of the law-abiding citizen with the same fervor as it upholds the rights of the accused."

There may yet develop a bipartisan core of support, however, for the most important part of the President's crime package, the commitment of federal resources to the anticrime efforts of communities. Experience with the two-year-old Law Enforcement Assistance Act indicates that the most formidable opponents of this approach are not so much organized Republicans as the sharp-eyed budget watchers in Congress of both parties. These agents have a way of scuttling promising young programs in the quiet of closed appropriations committee meetings. Still, it may prove harder to ignore Mr. Johnson's request, if only because of its size – a $30 million downpayment in fiscal 1968 and about $300 million a year after that. The amounts are low enough so that few can say the nation can't afford it, but high enough to represent a real commitment.

The basic financial formulas, ranging between 50-50 federal funds for selected bricks-and-mortar projects like modern crime laboratories to 100-percent funding for research into criminal behavior, would put the Justice Department into the grants-in-aid game in a big way. The federal standard of eligibility for funds would be the development of coordinated plans among local agencies that are not used to working together – the police, the courts and the corrections people – which in the Administration's view is one reason why crime keeps rising.

The message contains only one hint of the White House view of the length of the federal crime venture. Communities applying for operating grants must say they are willing to assume the costs of their beefed-up criminal justice systems "after a reasonable period of federal assistance." The underlying optimistic assumption, that the program will work itself out of business in five or 10 years, might better be abandoned in the interest of credibility in Congress. All the other indicia of crime increases, such as the prospect of more crowded cities and the rise in the juvenile population, belie the notion that such a program can be self-limiting.

There is nothing especially bold about the message's weapons control or drug proposals, and the organized crime recommendations are appropriately limited to reofferings of old legislation designed to help grand juries. The proposal to make a system out of the splintered federal probation, prisons and parole functions probably was not sweetened enough to appease the federal judiciary, which clings to its probation officers as a form of judicial patronage. The Justice Department contends, sensibly, that it would be better management to run all these services in a single system.

It was forthright of the President to include his antibugging bill in the crime package. It also was prudent, for many in Congress will view it as part of a package. Congressman Ford, of course, warned against "throwing the baby out with the bathwater" by stripping the organized crime investigators of an important tool. It will be interesting to see what evidence can be produced at hearings that it is vital to "bug" the mob.

Coplon Case Dismissed

The almost forgotten Judith Coplon case offers a disturbing example of government taking unto itself power that is reserved to the courts: the power to punish. At the least, it suggests that the Justice Department lacked the courage to do what those now in authority agree should have been done long ago.

One is drawn to these conclusions in probing for the untold story behind the department's sudden action last month, after 16 years of virtual silence, in dismissing espionage charges against Miss Coplon. Why didn't the government move during all these years to dismiss the two indictments (New York and Washington) in which Miss Coplon was accused of collaborating with Russian agents? And why now?

Many who had assumed the Coplon cases were long since closed matters were surprised by the department's casual announcement on January 6. Many were not aware that while the cases were dead in fact, they were not dead in law. The indictments remained legally alive because the formal death certificates – the motions to dismiss – had never been filed.

The department said little in its announcement that it could not have said soon after the appellate courts ruled in 1950 and 1951 that the convictions of Miss Coplon could not stand because the cases had been contaminated by an illegal FBI arrest and FBI wiretapping.

Judith Coplon, then 27 and an honor graduate of Barnard College, was a political analyst in the Justice Department's internal security branch when she was arrested in 1949. She was tried and convicted on both indictments, sentenced to 10 years in prison by the District Court in Washington and to 15 years by the

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District Court in New York. She remained free on $40,000 cash bail.

The department now says it has "concluded, because of the lapse of many years and after reviewing available evidence, that it could not successfully re-try the cases." But the lapse of many years did not alter the fact that the government, because Miss Coplon's constitutional rights were violated, stood barred by a court edict from using the "available evidence" essential to sustaining a conviction. The indictments were not kept alive because the government held any real hope of trying the cases again. Indeed, the Justice Department acknowledged at least 10 years ago that the cases were "dead."

The strong presumption is, therefore, that the indictments were kept in a pending status, in part, because it was a means of harassing, of punishing, of exacting some measure of revenge. "There was an element of harassment," one well-placed source says. "It's not a pleasant thing to contemplate, but it was there. This was a tough one for the Justice Department to lose. The department was terribly embarrassed. Someone inside the department had been nailed by the FBI, and relations between the FBI and some other levels of the department have not always been ideal."

Other informed sources cite another significant factor – perhaps the major one during the McCarthy period – behind the department's refusal, under various attorneys general, to bury a dead case: "The Coplon case was politically very sensitive. There was great agitation in Congress and the country about communist infiltration. It would have taken some courage to dismiss the Coplon indictments in the face of that."

When he appeared before a House appropriations subcommittee in 1955, Atty. Gen. Herbert Brownell was asked by Chairman John Rooney (D, N.Y.) what the Justice Department had done about the Coplon cases. Brownell replied that the government was "stymied" because Congress refused to enact a retroactive wiretapping law in 1954. That proposed law, it was felt, would have enabled the government to use the barred evidence against Miss Coplon. If the department made a serious effort to obtain such drastic legislation in 1954, it has made none since.

As evidence that the department had long ago determined that the Coplon cases would not be re-tried, there was this testimony by Brownell in 1957 before the same subcommittee in an exchange with Rep. Robert Sikes (D, Fla.):

Sikes: "On or off the record, what has happened to the Judy Coplon case?"

Brownell: "The investigation in that matter is closed."

Sikes: "Then that case is dead?"

Brownell: "Yes."

It could be that the Justice Department had second thoughts on its own, or perhaps word got back that some congressmen were not happy with Brownell's answer. In any event, at a hearing nine days later before the same subcommittee this exchange occurred between Rooney and W. F. Tompkins, assistant attorney general in charge of the criminal division:

Rooney: "What have you done about Judy Coplon?"

Tompkins: "The Coplon case is in the same status, Mr. Chairman, as it was when we were up here last year."

Rooney: "Dead?"

Tompkins: "Pending."

Rooney: "Pending but dead."

Tompkins: "I would not say dead."

Acting Atty. Gen. Ramsey Clark has said he was amazed to learn shortly before the January announcement that the Coplon indictments were still pending. He thereupon did "what clearly had to be done" in authorizing the dismissal motions.

Had it not been for an unidentified federal judge in Washington, the probability is that the indictments still would be alive. The judge spotted the case in reviewing the court docket and quietly suggested it was time the Justice Department made up its mind – prosecute or dismiss. But there was no hint of this in the department's announcement.

A price has been paid, part of which can be measured in dollars. Even invested at the modest interest rate of 3 percent, the $40,000 cash bail lying fallow all these years in a courthouse safe in New York would have earned some $25,000. In effect, a substantial fine has been levied without the sentence of a court. The indictments interfered with Judith Coplon's ability to travel; she was, her husband noted, limited to the jurisdiction of the court. There was always the possibility of a retrial; that a door had not been locked.

"It pains me greatly to say it," one former Justice Department official said, "but I can't deny that however guilty Judy Coplon may have been, this was an instance of lawless government." While conceding that a desire at some level to harass was an element, this former official holds that "mainly . . . the department didn't have the guts to do the right thing in the face of possible criticism."

Judith Coplon's "guilt is plain," the late Judge Learned Hand of the US Court of Appeals said in the opinion that upset her New York conviction because the evidence was tainted. Judge Hand could say Judith Coplon was guilty and, in effect, set her free. The Department of Justice could not.

DAVID KRASLOW

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Justice on the Bench In Mississippi

The rest of the United States, like the hopeful (or tired) observer of paranoia, looks on Mississippi justice with pitiful eagerness to believe that the madness has passed and that current behavior measures well against earlier sick episodes. In Mississippi some of the milder archetypal events of the past are:

► The arrest for arson in 1963 of Hartman Turnbow, Negro farmer and voter registration leader in Holmes County, when he complained that nightriders had burned his house and tried to murder him and his family. The next day when a photographer tried to record the damage, the photographer was arrested for "impeding an official investigation of the fire."

► During the summer of 1965, John Saltonstall, of the prestigious Boston law firm, and Mark Howe, of Harvard Law School, did a voluntary tour of duty in Mississippi with the Lawyers' Constitutional Defense Committee, a small group supported by the American Civil Liberties Union and some foundations. During a trial, the Bostonians had courtesy lunch with the opposing Mississippi lawyer who complained how outsiders malign the state, asserted that his two luncheon colleagues had been fairly treated and to press his point said, "You know, I could have had both of you killed." Howe looked up from his soup and said, "I beg your pardon?" "That's right," the lawyer explained, "the Klan's pretty strong around here and all it would have taken is a word from me. But I didn't give it."

Such events, associated with the long hot summers of protest, seem far away. The protest movement in Mississippi is fragmented and dying. New laws and occasional intrusion of federal prosecution have forced most segregationist aggression into subtler forms. The FBI has opened a large office in the state capital, Jackson. Ross Barnett, ham bone cheerleader of the segregationists, was succeeded as governor by Paul Johnson who seemed sensitive to damage done to Mississippi's business image (Sears, Roebuck was shipping Mississippi-made goods in boxes marked "Tennessee"). Federal registrars helped put tens of thousands of Negroes on voting rolls. Outside legal groups became resident sources of competent counsel for Negroes and civil rights workers. LCDC, for example, is small but influential, thanks to the personality of its director, Alvin Bronstein. A larger group, Lawyers' Committee for Civil Rights Under Law, called "the President's committee" because John Kennedy urged its formation, is supported by some of the largest law firms in the country and was greeted initially into the state by the local bar since it relieved white Mississippi courts from providing white Mississippi lawyers for Negroes and civil rights workers. The legal arm of NAACP is headed by Marion Wright, a Negro lawyer.

One result has been an upgrading of the quality of legal action in local civil rights cases. *Habeas corpus* for persons disliked by local police is a reality for the first time, though still regarded as a subversive outrage. LCDC has brought millions of dollars of lawsuits against police officers believed to have beaten and mistreated their prisoners. One momentary result was that some police officers taped over their badge numbers before they manhandled demonstrators. But another is noticeable restraint in overt illegal violence by men in uniform. LCDC won a $1,500 settlement from a notorious sheriff for beating an elderly Negro woman in her jail cell.

But the madness is far from over. Murder is still negotiable in Mississippi. Victims are still detained for crimes committed against them. Legal proprieties are still openly reviled by authority. There has been almost universal outrage at the pro-lowest-class-Negro Head Start, Child Development Group of Mississippi, because its crash budgets were not handled efficiently and its cars used loosely, but almost total silence when CDGM preschool centers were burned by nightriders and its wading pools shot at by white marauders. Last Thanksgiving, as another instance, Jennie Willis, a 13-year-old girl in the tiny bayou town of Anguilla, who had earlier tried to enter a white school under a court order to desegregate, heard a car draw up to her house at dusk, stuck her head out the door and was struck by shotgun fire. She lost her right eye. The sheriff was called at once. He did not appear until three days later. When he did appear it was to take Jennie's mother away to a police headquarters 60 miles distant to undergo a lie detector test.

On January 11 of this year a Department of Justice official diffidently urged Federal Judge Harold Cox of the southern district of Mississippi to call a grand jury to inquire once again into the three-year-old murders of three civil rights workers in Philadelphia, Mississippi, and the one-year-old murder of Vernon Dahmer, a Negro leader in Hattiesburg. Judge Cox had dismissed a large number of indictments made with earlier grand juries. On this occasion, Judge Cox said he would not call a new grand jury to inquire into the four murders until the Department of Justice investigated CDGM's Head Start program. The judge has since convened a grand jury to consider the murders. One of the men indicted earlier, and released by Judge Cox, is now running for sheriff of Philadelphia.

Six days after this, in a state court, Malcolm Farmer III, a young lawyer with LCDC, was arrested for contempt after a client whom Farmer had been unable to produce in court appeared voluntarily a few hours

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later – on instructions from Farmer's office. Then on January 23, a lawyer from the President's committee, L. Lackey Rowe Jr., was arrested in another state court for contempt. Rowe entered the courthouse to find his client in the upcoming case being taken away in the custody of the constable. In the corridor, Rowe asked the constable why his client was being jailed. The constable refused to say, placed Rowe under arrest and brought both lawyer and client before the judge who cited them for contempt. (The same constable had served time in prison after being found in contempt of the federal court, the less hostile one of Judge Claude Clayton of the northern district of Mississippi.)

On the same day, before the same judge, in the same court (the Circuit Court of Grenada County, highest trial court in the jurisdiction), a colleague of Rowe's from the President's committee listened to Judge Marshall Perry with amazement. The lawyer, B. E. Bergesen III, was present as defending counsel as the judge charged a grand jury about to consider some civil rights cases. There was no stenographic record but Bergesen's notes made at the time showed the judge telling the jury:

"Recently there have been some lawyers who have come into the state from outside the state to assist and aid pro-socialist and pro-communist agitators. They have engaged in the unauthorized practice of law and have solicited business. . . . These lawyers will go to jailers and seek to interview and represent accused persons, especially Negroes. When they come I hope you run them out or make them show evidence of up-to-date permits to practice law in this state. I hope sheriffs won't let them use jails to agitate. If you treat them courteously then they only take advantage of you. Most of these lawyers seem to have Washington or New York addresses, and about 90 percent are Jews. In saying this, I do not mean to deprecate Jews; I am just observing the facts. . . . They wish only to enrich themselves. . . ."

(Endemic anti-Semitism is standard in segregationist polemics. The *Jackson Daily News* and *Clarion-Ledger*, leading papers in the state, once attacked CDGM as "operated by some funny-named psychologist who drifted into Mississippi out of New York's slummy, dope-ridden, rape-minded metropolis." The funny name was Thomas Levin. Actually, the principals in the January courtroom episodes were all white Anglo-Saxon Protestants.)

Judge Perry, who apparently had written out his charge to the jury, released a text to the local paper whose account was substantially like Bergesen's except that no reference to Jews appeared.

The civil rights lawyers have requested Judge Perry to excuse himself in the cases on grounds that he might conceivably be prejudiced. BEN H. BAGDIKIAN

Franco Will Have No Choice

Why Liberalization in Spain Is Inevitable

Madrid

"There are only two serious, political newspapers in our country; one is *Le Monde*, the other – *The New York Times*." This gag, often heard in Madrid, well describes conditions in Spain. A dictatorship whose strict censorship prevents the local press from publishing anything meaningful about political and social affairs, is likewise a dictatorship that is liberal – or indolent – enough to permit almost entirely free circulation of foreign papers which give a comprehensive day-by-day account of events in Spain, including strikes, political demonstrations, letters of protest, political trials. Correspondents of those foreign publications (some of whom are Spanish nationals) are relatively unhampered. When complaints are made the authorities do not go beyond expressing dissatisfaction to the correspondents or to their editors, and quite often the correspondent castigated by one official is warmly praised for the same article by another official. Moreover, the correspondents' informants are themselves highly placed in the official hierarchy. Very often a telephone call to a foreign correspondent in Madrid is from an important person who gives the reporter significant news about which no line will appear in the Spanish press. Unlike his one-time protectors – Hitler and Mussolini – Franco has always presided not over a one-party monolith but over a rather loose coalition of high army career officers, monarchists, conservative landowners, the urban upper middle-class, and the Falange with its distinct fascist features.

This heterogeneous regime has become even more so lately, and the reasons are not hard to find. Though the Generalissimo may live and govern many years more, he is not immortal and the day he goes the regime goes, too. The maneuvering for position is already in full swing. The other reason is the character of the economy. Spain is the only non-communist country of Europe which doesn't yet belong to the joint economic bodies which have grown up in the last decade: the Common Market and the Free Trade Zone. It is true that in recent years industrial development has been pushed forward by vigorous government incentives, by large investments of foreign capital and by generous economic and military aid from Washington. But Spanish industry is far from modern and is being maintained by very high custom duties

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on foreign goods. Much less progress had been made in agriculture. Due to an exceptionally rapid growth of population, imports of foodstuffs have been going up sharply from year to year. Despite large sales abroad of such things as oranges and olives, Spain imported more food in 1966 than she sent out.

The backwardness of the Spanish economy has as its consequence a huge foreign trade deficit. Last year, Spanish exports (only little more than $1 billion) were only enough to pay for a third of all her imports. The deficit of $2.3 billion was probably the highest for any country in the world. Yet Spain is far from bankrupt. Most of the deficit was made good by shipping abroad (mostly to France, Germany, Switzerland, Belgium) about 1.5 million Spanish workers who send back home about $400 million each year and by taking in last year 17 million foreign tourists. In 1959, Spain had only one million foreign visitors; by 1968 she may have displaced Italy as first in world tourism.

But tourism and workers abroad aren't enough. Spain must produce more and better, and to do so she must join the Common Market. But membership cannot come immediately, for this could destroy Spanish industry which would not be able to compete with the more efficient Germans, French or Italians. Hence, the Spaniards speak of a kind of association, meaning that for a number of years Spain would reap the advantages of the Common Market – selling her goods without any duty being placed on them – and at the same time not being obliged to admit, duty free, the goods of other Common Market countries. Greece and Turkey got similar terms from the Common Market.

The admission of Franco's Spain to the Common Market is running into heavy weather, however. Pietro Nenni, the socialist deputy prime minister of Italy, and one-time fighter in the International Brigade in the Spanish Civil War, recently spoke out against it. (His ideological distaste also serves the interest of the Italian orange growers, for whom Spain is the main competitor.) Belgium and Holland are also opposed to Spain's coming in. Madrid's main backers have been France and West Germany, and we can't be sure whether the new socialist foreign minister in Bonn will continue that policy.

Although observers in Madrid recognize that the problem of Spain's relationship with the Common Market will not be resolved soon, they are not too unhappy about it. On the contrary, they believe that greater liberalization of the Franco regime (to be distinguished from the phony reform symbolized by the recent referendum and the new organic law) will occur, precisely because the hierarchy wants to prove to the outside world that Spain is ready for polite society. Faced with foreign opposition, Franco will have no choice but to make more concessions to liberalization. How far can Spain go along this road? I mentioned the heterogeneous character of the regime. Another unusual feature of the dictatorship is the existence of an opposition. In Madrid or Barcelona everybody knows who the leading Christian Democrats are, as well as the socialists and the republicans – though officially all these parties are banned. Even the communists, though underground, have their spokesmen. The leaders of these diverse political groups often send memoranda to the regime and publish declarations, which though usually ignored by the Spanish press, get wide publicity abroad. Of this an echo comes back to Spain. All these dissenters work and live in the country. They often occupy prominent positions. They are seldom annoyed by the secret police.

Restrictions on "official strikes" are numerous, but every day new "unofficial strikes" take place in Spain's industrial centers, led by trade unionists. Everybody knows they act in double capacity – officially they are members of the Falange Trade Council; in reality they represent the underground socialist, communist, Catholic or anarchist trade unions. The students too are active, as the wild demonstrations these past weeks at the universities have shown.

The reason for the proliferation of labor conflicts is simple: in recent years Spain has ceased being a "cheap country." The cost of living has gone up immensely; some say by 50 percent in the last five years; some say by 100 percent. Official figures are not trusted. An American family of four recently installed in Madrid found that their weekly food bill was $10 more than in Washington, D.C. True, a Spanish worker doesn't eat roast beef every day. His main diet consists of peas, beans, cheap fish. But all these have risen, too; wages have increased relatively less. Over one million Spaniards, according to a recent survey, are earning less than $40 a month. A bank clerk in Madrid may get 6,000-8,000 *pesetas* ($100-$135), a lower government official about the same. No wonder a typical Spaniard, having just finished one job, is rushing off to his other place of work. The strikes are perhaps the most dangerous challenge to the regime, for it doesn't know how to deal with them. The arrests of many of the strike leaders, and the prison sentences given some of them, are not a solution, especially now when wage demands have become so widespread.

Nonetheless, it would be naïve to think that the Franco regime is sitting on a volcano. Franco's claim that he brought peace, stability and reconstruction – the slogans which played a big role in the recent referendum, still has a big impact. There remains, too, a great hatred of communism, which has nothing to do with feelings toward Russia or other communist countries. The desire for change is conditioned by the desire that it should come peacefully. PHILIP BEN

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Apollo, the Destroyer

Greek puns are often quite unfunny. At the crucial moment in Aeschylus' *Agamemnon*, Cassandra bursts out in a choking line that identifies her ironical patron, Apollo, with her destroyer (*apollon*). Apollo, god of light, music and intellectual clarity, is also the baleful destroyer. He makes his first appearance in extant Greek literature – Book I of the *Iliad* – not as captain general of the Muses, but as the unforgiving sender of a merciless plague. He is quintessentially the god of tragedy – of its high focus and expressiveness as well as of its doom. When three brave astronauts were immolated in an "Apollo" space vehicle, surely I was not the only searcher of classical texts who recalled with a shudder the devastating and equivocal tangency Apollo was always reputed to have with human destiny.

Nor was the tragic omen in the name alone. The astronauts were very Greek in every aspect of the tragic role they completed. Their life was dangerous and grueling, but it was also clean and socially wholesome, almost as antiseptic as some parts of their doomed vehicle. Their quest involved no activities demeaning to the heroes' code, and they pursued a goal that left no room for the distracting doubts of the crank. They trusted their bodies and their consciousness, their purpose and their machines, leaving the rest to fate. This is how it should be with heroes.

The day after the disaster one wire service reported that the two older men, Colonels Grissom and White, were accomplished hunters and each had recently given his adolescent son a new shotgun. It was appropriate: a professional life devoted to the most exotic gadgetry balanced by the primitive bloodletting of forest and field.

These men have now reached their heroic consummation and we can depend upon the nation to accord them due recognition. But the prospect of their enshrinement leaves me somewhat uneasy. Not because I would derogate from their memory as bona fide heroes, but because I do not trust society to do the right thing by its heroes. Heroism proceeds from a resolve that the glory of achievement is worth risking the capricious dooms of gods and fates. But most men's tasks have nothing to do with glorious achievement. Heroism in the few demands little in the way of reflection from the many. Nor is the hero himself notoriously the child of reflection. The hero acts boldly and decisively and on the basis of a code which is not introspectively analyzed. The tragic hero presents no demands to us except for wonder and worship. Heroes ask their society no hard substantive questions. But a whole society, made up of men who are not heroes, tends to worship heroes too much for just this negative quality. Most men cannot imitate the daring of heroes, but they tend to imitate their unreflectiveness. They applaud the having of certitudes at least as much as they applaud the heroism that in rare cases proceeds from certitude. A society with a full complement of heroes is often foolishly led to believe that it can do without the nagging demurrers of philosophers and martyrs.

Thus I am disposed to fear that our nation will simply turn the tragic drama of Cape Kennedy into one more soul-deadening myth about American vigor, bravery and devotion to simply conceived and easily comprehended mechanical and material goals. I fear that it will be just one more temptation to forget the fact that in 1964 three other men died, younger than the astronauts, and died even more terribly. Their vehicle was just a battered old car. We do not know how brave they actually were. We do know that they were not lionized in life, and that they have been mostly forgotten in death. They were not especially beautiful, not particularly endowed with the frame or the dazzle of an Achilles or an astronaut. The very nature of their mission bespoke doubt, introspection and anything but a comfortable acquiescence in the embrace of the popular pieties. And they did not die in a blaze of light, nor did the world mourn. They were murdered by white American savages on a dark night in Mississippi and were buried in an unmarked grave that was found only by chance. Their names were Chaney, Goodman and Schwerner. Their tragedy does not give testimony to American virtue, excellence or skill. It testifies rather to the moral horror that still afflicts our society. They represented not a bold, almost gay, venture into the reaches of space, but a terrible plunge into the blackness of human evil. Their deaths were not the price paid to chance and natural forces for a daring search into the unknown; rather they paid the price of daring to look at and question the all-too-familiar lies about our moral selves which we would like to believe are true. Where then is the shrine, and what are the rites to be established for *these* men? When we teach our children to honor the memory of astronauts who take bold, unhesitating steps into the lightsome if threatening depths of the physical cosmos, will we also teach them to honor the memory of these other men who questioned and doubted the goodness our satisfied society attributes to itself, and became martyrs to the uninteresting and unromantic truth about earthbound iniquity?

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The Nader Affair

by James Ridgeway and David Sanford

Nearly a year ago Vincent Gillen, the Long Island detective, was caught off guard by an editor of this journal and admitted he had investigated Ralph Nader, the auto safety critic. This touched off a series of startling disclosures that led to a Senate hearing and a public apology to Nader from the president of General Motors. But it now appears that this was only the opening to a fantastic tale of industrial spying. Gillen has now heightened the drama with sworn statements that the General Motors officials who hired him hid the truth from the Senate committee. These allegations have in turn led to embarrassing political questions.

At the special hearing before Senator Abraham Ribicoff's subcommittee last March, James Roche, president of GM, said the Nader investigation was undertaken without his knowledge or approval by Aloysius Power, the general counsel, who believed it necessary to hire detectives to find out whether Nader, who had criticized GM's Corvair, was connected with attorneys representing disgruntled Corvair owners. Power didn't find substantive ties, and Roche apologized to Nader. At the time, he said the Nader investigation was unusual, and to his knowledge was the "first one of this kind that has ever been undertaken." Roche said, "There has been no attempt by, and it has at no time been the intention of General Motors Corp. or any of its officers or employees to annoy, harass, embarrass, threaten, injure or intimidate Mr. Nader. . . ."

The senators commended Roche for his forthright stand before the committee and reserved their scorn for Gillen. He was pictured as a bumbling, unscrupulous detective who had taken it upon himself in tracking Nader to direct his men to find out "what makes him tick . . . his politics, his marital status, his friends, his women, boys, etc., drinking, dope, jobs. . . ." Gillen was outraged. "I attempted to do a job for my client," he said, "and frankly I think we did a darn good one."

Since the hearings, Nader has filed two suits: in one against both GM and Gillen he accuses them of invasion of privacy and asks $26 million. In another against Gillen, Nader accuses him of defamation. Gillen cross-claimed against GM and Nader in the first suit, and has counter-sued Nader in the second. Spokesmen for GM have said the company is not legally responsible to Nader.

In documents filed in Nader's invasion of privacy suit, Gillen swears executives of GM made false statements about the Nader case to the Ribicoff subcommittee. (Roche maintains what he said at the hearings was true.) Gillen swears that company officials sought to go back and destroy copies of a damaging letter from Eileen Murphy, a GM employee, to Richard Danner, a former FBI agent who is now a Washington lawyer and who had been hired by the company in connection with the Nader investigation. Gillen claims he received oral instructions from Danner to "get something somewhere on this guy . . . get him out of their hair . . . shut him up." In addition, Gillen says there was a seven-page memorandum from Miss Murphy to Danner which was passed on to him (Gillen) as a "guide" in conducting the investigation. This memo didn't mention the Corvair cases but, Gillen said, instead suggested he investigate Nader's tax records, his possible anti-Semitism, suggested he might be on dope and asked, "Does he drink?" Gillen also swears the front page of a detective report given the committee was altered to change its meaning.

Gillen further swore in these court documents that he had conducted more than 25 investigations for GM since 1959. These included investigations of a well-known entertainer (later identified by *The New York Times* as Danny Kaye), a Harlem antipoverty group that had charged GM discriminated against Negroes in its hiring practices, and officials of the UAW.

The letter dated last February from Miss Murphy to Danner says, "Dear Dick . . . everyone is going overboard to impress us with what a great, charming intellectual this human being is – Eagle Scout type. There are too many variances for this to be accurate. . . . What is his Army record? What did he do for six months in the Army? . . . He mentions an accident which happened a decade ago. *He saw* a child decapitated. See if this gem can be uncovered as to where, when or how he was involved. . . . Well, friend, have fun. . . ." Gillen swears that when he went to Detroit shortly before the March 22 Senate hearing, GM officials asked him to return this letter so copies might not fall into Ribicoff's hands.

Because of these new allegations by Gillen, Ribicoff last week asked the Justice Department to begin an investigation to determine whether federal criminal statutes had been violated. He said, "Perjury by witnesses under oath before congressional committees cannot and should not be tolerated."

When it was first revealed last March that detectives

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had been following Nader, Senators Nelson and Ribicoff had been particularly concerned that the detectives might have been used to intimidate or harass the auto critic who had been a witness before congressional committees. (It is a federal crime to harass or intimidate a witness before the Congress, punishable by a five-year prison term.) Both Nelson and Ribicoff asked the Justice Department to investigate, and then Ribicoff called his own hearings.

On March 10, 1966, after GM had admitted hiring the detectives to follow Nader, Ribicoff said in the Senate he would invite the president of the company to testify before his subcommittee. Senator Robert Kennedy said, "Could we also request that he bring all of his records in connection with this agency?"

Mr. Ribicoff: That request will be made concerning the records of the agency and the investigation.

Mr. Kennedy: Could we also have the detective agency bring all its records. . . .?

Mr. Ribicoff: I think the request is a proper one, and that request will be made of the detective agency.

Mr. Kennedy: Could we also ask General Motors Corp. to have available in the room any individuals from General Motors who have detailed knowledge about these transactions with the detective agency?

Mr. Ribicoff: The request will be relayed to the president of General Motors.

Miss Murphy's Role

But Jerome Sonosky, the subcommittee counsel, who has just resigned to take a job with a law firm representing Mercedes-Benz, indicated the subcommittee may never have asked for *all* the company's records in connection with this case. Sonosky said there is no written record of such a request. He said an original telegram was sent inviting Roche to appear. Later on, Sonosky says, he called the company and as he remembers it, asked them to bring the reports filed by the detective agencies and to come prepared to answer all questions. Sonosky said that before the hearings he met in his office with GM officials, including the chief counsel, Mr. Power. Of this interview Sonosky said, "I just asked them to be prepared to answer all relevant questions."

At the hearing, the senators did not ask Roche if he had brought his records with him. Nor were the detective reports formally introduced into the records.

The one person in the company who had "detailed knowledge" of dealings between GM and Danner, the go-between with the detectives, was Eileen Murphy, a former employee of the Justice Department, who now works in the company's law library. It was Miss Murphy who flew to Washington to discuss hiring the detectives with Richard Danner. It was Miss Murphy who supposedly gave Danner the seven-page memorandum which was passed on to Gillen as a guide for his work. And it was Miss Murphy who Gillen now swears wrote the "Dear Dick" letter. But Miss Murphy was not asked to testify at the hearing. She sat in the audience and listened to the other witnesses discuss her role in the case.

As for the mysterious seven-page memorandum, which Gillen says never mentioned the Corvair cases, page seven appears in the subcommittee's hearing transcript. Asked what happened to the other six pages, Sonosky said the complete document had been sent with other materials to the National Archives where it is held in confidence. Asked whether the subcommittee got the memorandum before or after the hearing, Sonosky paused for a long moment and then said, "I'd rather not say." If the committee had this memorandum at the time of the hearing, then why wasn't it used to show that GM wasn't interested in the Corvair cases as much as it was in getting something on Nader? If the subcommittee got the memorandum after the hearing, why didn't it reopen the case?

Sonosky said GM gave the Ribicoff subcommittee two detective reports. He won't say where he got the seven-page memorandum. After the hearing, Nader asked the committee to see the reports the detectives had filed on him, but he was refused permission. However, after Theodore Sorensen, the GM lawyer in the case, made persistent requests that the detective reports be returned to GM, Sonosky sent them back to him. It later developed that Sonosky had made copies of the materials. When Sorensen found this out, he wrote asking Sonosky to send back the copies. Finally in October Sonosky stuck all the documents in an envelope and sent them over to the National Archives where nobody can see them without explicit permission of the committee chairman. Ribicoff has never permitted Nader to see the documents.

All of the documents turned over to the subcommittee, of course, are available to the Justice Department, which in March was asked to make an investigation to determine whether there had been harassment of a congressional witness. On June 1, Fred M. Vinson, an assistant attorney general, wrote Ribicoff, ". . . we have concluded that criminal prosecution is not warranted in this matter and that additional investigation by the department would provide no useful function. The extensive investigation by the Federal Bureau of Investigation pursued every logical and relevant lead suggested by the reported facts and allegations."

As it now appears, this seems to have been a perfunctory investigation. Nader said he was interviewed on one occasion by two agents last March who asked him to describe what he knew about the detectives. Nader's brother briefly discussed the matter with an

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FBI agent over the phone in Connecticut. Sonosky said he discussed the matter twice with Justice Department representatives, once when they came to read the transcript of the hearing and later when they returned to say the investigation was finished.

We have found no other principals in this case who ever talked to the FBI. Gillen says he never talked with the FBI; neither did Ribicoff, even though it was suggested that Gillen was gathering dirt on him; Sorensen says he didn't talk with the FBI. Larry Scalise, then the attorney general of Iowa, who was so sure Nader was being followed that he ordered his own statewide investigation, was never approached by the FBI. Neither was Frederick Hughes Condon, the crippled lawyer in Concord, New Hampshire, whom Gillen had interviewed using a fictitious name. Richard Danner, the man who hired Gillen and ran the investigation for GM, said he had never talked to the FBI, and it was his impression that the Justice Department had not made an investigation. Nor did the agency interview 11 other people who had talked with the detectives investigating Nader. This looks embarrassing for the Justice Department and the FBI as well. The detectives who followed Nader are all former FBI men. It would be ironic should the FBI find it necessary to expose its alumni as unscrupulous hacks.

Had not Nader filed his private suit, he never would have seen what was in the detective reports or known about the seven-page memorandum. There never would have been any questions raised about the committee's dealings with GM. Very probably nobody would have asked whether Justice made a real investigation. The senators, the press, and the public would have been satisfied with Roche's forthright apology.

Big Corporations Can Have Their Own CIA

Industrial espionage may be ready for an advanced and innovative phase. Not long ago we came into possession of a document purportedly sent from a systems development company to the management of General Motors, urging GM to set up a corporate CIA. Its function would be to gather and analyze information about GM's rivals. The informant, who passed this document along to us, said the proposal had been rejected by the company. Theodore Sorensen, who represented James Roche, GM's president during the Gillen affair, looked into the matter, and reported that no one in the top management knew anything about a plan for a corporate CIA and that the company had no intention of setting up such an organization.

There is no reason to doubt GM. Nonetheless the plan is interesting because it suggests what the future of the spy business could be. The 19-page memorandum predicts that "within five years the gathering of intelligence as currently practiced by governments in both military and diplomatic affairs will become a formal, recognized activity in corporate management." "A technological revolution in information handling has taken place," the memo says, "and there is no choice but to respond to it." First, modern computers are able to store and retrieve information at costs low enough so that "information handling cost, however calculated, is no longer dominant even when the vast bulk of what is recorded is never used." Second, sensory devices for getting information are "startlingly successful."

The memorandum lists a variety of activities that a corporate CIA might undertake: recording all telephone conversations without the callers' knowledge; "bugging" the hotel room of a competitor; observing a competitor's equipment during a technical meeting "field trip"; confusing a competitor's test marketing equipment; hiring a competitor's employee; planting an agent in the employ of a competitor; investigating the "personal history" of a competitor's executive group.

It is technically possible to simulate the decision-making processes of rival firms, based on a systematic accumulation and analysis of large amounts of data, and thereby predict their probable behavior. Indeed, it might even be possible to control the actions of corporate rivals by presenting them with the right stimuli, properly timed, based on a computerized analysis of their probable reactions. The business espionage of the future will begin "formulating more sophisticated models of competitors' activities than [is] conventionally done and using these models to find the binding constraints on competitors' activities." The basic goal will be a "higher level of understanding of how one corporation can cripple another."

The memorandum goes on to examine both the legality and the morality of business espionage:

"There is no reason to believe that a simple appeal to conscience and social values will be effective in a system where competition is a dominant feature of the environment."

"The 'rules of the game' are inadequately drawn up currently and this favors the group with the most flexible conscience."

This type of business espionage would be expensive. A competent staff, a large computer, an elaborate system of data procurement all cost money. Only the largest of American corporate giants could afford the investment. This is what the memorandum meant when it said that "the strong will grow stronger and the weak, weaker."

All of this would happen, if it happens, outside the public's gaze. Firms able to devise the most effective means of using the new technology of business espionage will gain favored positions and higher profits. Their securities will rise in value and attract the interest of mutual funds, insurance companies, banks, and other depositories of the nation's savings and capital assets. Small attention will be paid to the means by which the gains are made. They will be institutionalized into the structure of profits and thereby pass beyond approach. THE EDITORS

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Poverty Politics in California

by Andrew Kopkind

The hardiest myth in the fieldful tended by the Office of Economic Opportunity is that "politics and poverty don't mix." As it has happened, the two are inextricable. The OEO knows it, and regularly makes judgments according to the demands of presidential, congressional, and local politics. The poor know it, and try to ride political vehicles to power and participation in their communities. The clashes of interests which seem inevitably to develop are fought on political battlegrounds. The issues of the war on poverty are not easily negotiable; who wins means who gets what.

The best example of the current season is drawn from the fight of the California Center for Community Development to get its smallish OEO grant refunded. For a year, the CCCD has been running a statewide training and community organizing program in the central valleys. Predictably, it has run afoul of the dominant political powers: specifically, Democratic congressmen B. F. Sisk of Fresno and John McFall of Modesto. The $246,000 grant runs out this month, and the two congressmen are pressuring Sargent Shriver to cut CCCD off without a penny. They may have the leverage to do it. "Tex" Sisk, a burly dust-bowl migrant to California, is the "swing vote" between liberal and conservative Democrats on the powerful House Rules Committee. McFall, rather more of a lightweight, nonetheless has a cherished seat on the Appropriations Committee and last year was the acting floor manager for the OEO legislation in the House. Sisk has made their threat explicit. "We've discussed this matter with Sargent Shriver," he said recently. "Mr. McFall and I want to be able to continue to support the poverty program." Shriver ignores such warnings at his peril.

Sisk has been after CCCD for a long time. The organization developed out of a symposium on community development held in 1963; among the speakers was Saul Alinsky, whose methods of organizing the poor in militant action groups obviously excited the participants. But by the time CCCD was formed and began its first work in mid-1965, Alinskyism had become mixed with other strains of activist philosophy. On the CCCD staff and its board were disaffected social workers, labor organizers, civil rights types, *engagé* clergymen, and a complement of do-gooders. A few pilot projects in organizing were started with money from the Rosenberg Foundation; then CCCD got a larger sum from the California antipoverty office.

By the end of 1965, most of the action in rural California was centered at Delano, where Cesar Chavez's farm workers' union was striking against the grape ranchers. The major poverty problem in the valley was the condition of farm labor; the union was the first break in the political and economic cycle which had kept farm workers cut off from taking part in the affairs of their communities. CCCD was naturally drawn to the Delano experience. There was an interchange of staff between the strike and CCCD, and project directors felt they had to relate their activities to the unionizing efforts. "We're working with farm workers," Executive Director Ed Dutton explained last week. "It's central to the job of helping people break out of poverty to get them a decent wage. They ask us to help them get more money. We can't say 'no, we can't help you with a union'."

Such, however, was exactly what Sisk demanded, although his office proudly announced the OEO grant (a nice feature of the politics of poverty), Sisk took it all back when he realized that CCCD was somehow connected with the unionizing drive. Fresno County is the richest agricultural county in the US (in the value of its products), and Sisk does not lightly cross the growers' interests. He managed the bracero legislation (importation of cheap Mexican labor) all during the 1950's, and when it finally ended, he helped develop a similar program under the McCarran-Walters Immigration Act. He was filmed tramping the tomato fields to dramatize the need for more low-paid farm hands. He sponsored bills to provide water for the big ranches, and he bad-mouthed the grape-pickers' strike. At one point, he tried to kill the appointment of Chavez to a presidential commission (Chavez was not very anxious to take the job, as it turned out). And he helped Rep. Harlan Hagan, who represented Delano, to oppose an OEO grant to one of Chavez's groups. That the Farm Workers Association should have friends and supporters in Sisk's own district was out of the question.

"Frankly," Sisk said, "I held up the CCCD grant for six months." Actually, it was only three months, but Sisk did manage to hang up CCCD with Shriver. Then last spring the OEO agreed to a compromise: CCCD would move its training center out of Sisk's district into the bailiwick of a friendly congressman (Rep.

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Don Edwards of San Jose), and an attempt would be made to keep the union activities of staffers separate from the OEO-funded operations.

In the course of the year, CCCD put 40 trainees through its school at Morgan Hill, and sent them back to their own communities to organize poor people for whatever activities seemed appropriate. It was a kind of grass-roots VISTA; instead of spreading young middle-class students out among the poor for a year of good works, CCCD provided "technical assistance" for poor people of all ages to become active organizers in their own localities. The training was an ingenious method of simulating the conflicts of the community. Trainees were alternately ignored, manipulated, divided, and otherwise put down until they began naturally to respond by organizing against the CCCD staff. The supervisors tried every trick used by "power structures" to defeat organizations. When it was over, the trainees would analyze their response and effectiveness.

Back "in the field" after a few weeks in class, the trainees worked with CCCD staff to organize welfare recipients, start cooperatives, form tenants' councils, and fight for "participation of the poor" on antipoverty boards. At such points, CCCD ran into political problems again. There was a running feud between a CCCD project in Modesto and Congressman McFall's friends on the official political commissions. McFall was particularly upset by a sit-in at the local welfare office: "I think they went too far," he said. "It's OK to picket, if the picketing doesn't hurt anything."

What really worried McFall was that the CCCD project was endangering his electoral campaign. A Stanislaus County grand jury investigated CCCD and leaked some of its charges (it "caused conflict") just before the election. McFall managed to get Theodore Berry, the OEO director of Community Action in Washington, to force CCCD to remove its chief organizer in Modesto a week before the election. But CCCD wouldn't disappear. "I asked them to be quiet during the campaign, and they refused," McFall said.

COMING: *Andrew Kopkind writes on predicting and manipulating the future of society*

For Sisk, the worst offense came in December, when young Negroes from Watts came to Fresno to help picket a store which carried wine produced by a struck grape rancher. The youths were "interns" in a CCCD training program in Los Angeles funded by a $150,000 grant from the Office of Juvenile Delinquency in the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. They had been up to see the strike in Delano (CCCD wants to build bridges between Negro and Mexican-American organizers) and came over to Fresno for a little tame picketing. The good citizens of Fresno were not cheered by the visitors. One of the Negroes carried a sign, "Black Power Says *Huelga*, Baby." Sisk blasted CCCD for using "federal funds to participate in labor-management disputes." CCCD Director Dutton pointed out that Sisk himself had recently joined a picket line of growers (to protest low raisin prices) and that the growers received all kinds of federal funds which, indirectly at least, allowed them to withstand worker pressure – they got water subsidies, marketing orders assistance, extension services, price supports, and soil conservation aid.

But that wasn't the point. CCCD, as Sisk's administrative assistant said recently, was "pretty far out." "Mr. Sisk," he explained, "is opposed to the philosophy of setting class against class and creating dissension and opening wounds rather than healing them. He doesn't think that the taxpayers' money should be used to overturn the society instead of finding a proper place in society for groups that are underprivileged. You're not going to achieve any success in the poverty program over the dead body of the establishment."

Sisk thinks that CCCD will be "phased out" by OEO, and many of the program's staffers tend to agree. Last week, there was still some hope that the operation could remain a "demonstration" program and get funds rather than be categorized as a full-fledged training program, where it would probably be dumped. But the hope was small, and CCCD was preparing to close its school and operate with a few organizers on a privately donated shoestring (although the separate HEW project in Watts will run until next November). Sisk was confident that he would win the political fight, and he was suitably charitable:

"I'm sympathetic," he allowed. "They've got problems and Lord knows I've tried to do something to help them. I'm for the war on poverty. But some of our problem children out there have been disciples of Saul Alinsky. They just want to replace what exists with themselves. I've got some really fine Mexican-American leadership out there, I mean they're high class. But CCCD hasn't played it aboveboard as they should have. We're way short of money and we've had to cut back on our programs. Now I want this kind of operation cut off."

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East-West Business Cooperation

A New Approach to Communist Europe

by Emile Benoit

An intriguing new phenomenon beginning to attract widespread public attention is that of east-west industrial-technical cooperation. Considerable publicity has been given to the Fiat and Renault contracts (which in total are probably worth more than a billion dollars) to expand by several hundred percent the automobile production of the USSR, Rumania and Bulgaria. These agreements followed a large-scale exchange of scientific-technological automotive information. Less publicity has been given to the agreement of the giant British combine Imperial Chemical Industries (ICI) with the USSR, covering plastics, petrochemicals and synthetic fibers. This is essentially an exchange of ICI's advanced technical know-how for Russian pure research. It was made possible by Russia's recent signing of the International Patent Convention, which will protect ICI's secrets. Russia is understood to have signed similar agreements with the big Italian firms of Olivetti on office machinery, and Montecatini on chemicals, and with a French group on color TV.

Such East European industrial-technical cooperation agreements – henceforth called ITC – constitute the most rapidly expanding area of international business today. American business is suddenly becoming very much interested. East Europe (including the USSR) already has a combined Gross National Product close to that of West Europe, and even at much lower than present growth rates, will, some time during the 1970's, become an economy as big as the American economy is today.

There have been scores of other ITC agreements, mostly between somewhat smaller western companies, and East European countries other than the USSR. An example is the case of IKEA, a Swedish furniture company, which supplies machinery and designs for the semimanufacture of furniture in Poland under its own technical control, with the semimanufactures shipped back to Sweden for finishing and marketing; another example is the agreement under which the British firm of Walmsley (Bury) Group Ltd. will export paper-making machinery to Poland (and other Soviet-bloc countries), meanwhile providing technical assistance to the Polish enterprise Metal Export which will enable it to produce some components of this machinery. Up to now, participation of American companies has been minor, and chiefly effected through European subsidiaries. For example: Badger-France, a subsidiary of the Badger Co. of Cambridge, Massachusetts, and the firm of ENSA of France is reportedly investing $15.5 million in the installation of an acrylic fiber plant in Pitesti, Rumania, with the collaboration of Rumanian industry; the plant will use the SOHIO process, invented by the Standard Oil of Ohio Co. Recently, however, the US Tower Corporation of Cleveland, which has been promoting hotel construction, rubber and aluminum plants, and miscellaneous licensing arrangements in East Europe has announced that the International Basic Economy Corporation, a large International Venture Capital group originally established by the Rockefellers to speed Latin American development, is entering into a 50-50 partnership in Tower's East European ventures.

While these ITC agreements differ considerably one from another they *all* contain one or more of the following elements, which are likely to be combined in package deals: (1) organized large-scale exchanges of technological and scientific information; (2) commercial licensing of specific patents, trademarks and know-how – including management services rendered on an "advisory" basis; (3) contracts for large-scale exports of machinery, components or whole plants, on special bilaterally negotiated credit terms and payments arrangements; (4) "coproduction ventures," a bizarre but increasingly popular type of business partnership between the western firm and communist state-owned enterprise.

The western partner in these coproduction ventures usually supplies machinery, technical assistance, management (usually in an advisory capacity) and world marketing channels. The East European partner supplies the plant, the workers, the raw materials, and

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often certain components. The legal category of private investment, which is ideologically taboo in communist countries, can be avoided by selling the machinery on extended terms (possibly with lease-back arrangements) and by the western partner receiving royalties and fees, under licensing and management contracts, instead of profits. International payments arrangements are rarely simple: they usually involve the export of a major part of the output, with the western partner paid in the product itself or in the foreign exchange proceeds. (Alternatively, where the product is mainly for home use rather than export, payment may be made, as in the Fiat case, by acceptance of a substitute export product, such as oil.)

Opportunities for the West

International technical cooperation offers several types of immediate opportunity for the western partner: (1) sales of equipment, spare parts and materials to be used by the coproduction enterprise; (2) a share in the earnings from the sale of the products produced *by* the coproduction enterprise; (3) royalties and fees for services rendered to the coproduction enterprise, or for the use elsewhere in the east of the western partner's technology and know-how; (4) additional export or import business on its own account, or as an agent or intermediary, obtained as a result of good working relations with East European officials; (5) receipt of eastern technology where it is ahead.

However, the most important advantage of all, because it provides the means of payment for the others, is the opportunity of producing goods in the east for export to the west, or for export to third countries. The value of this opportunity is based on the fact that East Europe has a substantial supply of underutilized, skilled and inexpensive technical manpower. These countries have made intensive efforts to train a large number of skilled workers and middle-level technicians, as well as engineers and scientists. Such people are usually scarce in the west. Moreover East European living standards are relatively low, and wages and salaries are, correspondingly, much below western levels. In addition, the official character of trade unions, and the absence of strikes, makes for considerable stability and predictability of production and production costs. As a result it may be highly profitable to produce in East Europe for export to the west or to third markets hitherto served by the west, despite additional transport costs.

This aspect of coproduction provides a specific solution for the key problem of reviving east-west trade, namely that the east has so little to sell that the west really wants. Coproduction can help the east to produce exactly those products (with western design and western quality specifications) for which a good market already exists in the west. Indeed, the western partner can take over the whole international marketing function. Under these conditions, production for the export sector may be given a much higher priority than formerly.

Some of these economic advantages of East European production are not new, but recent economic developments in East Europe now make it possible to begin to utilize them. "Liberalization" and the dilution of ideology in these economies, which is particularly strong in Yugoslavia, facilitates business partnerships with western firms. The idea of such cooperation no longer appears absurd or ideologically abhorrent even to most communist leaders. There is willingness to experiment with anything that gets results so long as a few sacrosanct communist symbols, such as exclusive state ownership of the means of production, are preserved. Moreover the economic reforms, associated with the name of the Soviet economist, Liberman, which have long been under discussion and which are now being gradually introduced, considerably improve the atmosphere for ITC by enabling both partners to talk a similar language and to use similar concepts. There is a new appreciation in East Europe of the role of profits both as a success indicator and as a useful guide in determining investment priorities. Moreover, the independent contribution of capital to production, and hence the legitimacy of interest or something like it in measuring production costs, and in guiding investment to the least costly and most productive production processes, is beginning to be appreciated in practice even if not explicitly stated in that way. Such changes narrow the enormous discrepancies between eastern and western accounting methods and ways of conceptualizing their business operations, which previously made business partnerships between eastern and western enterprises appear impossible. Furthermore, there is a growing recognition in East Europe that they badly need objective criteria of true production costs and the stimulus of competition, and that these can most conveniently be obtained by opening their economies to western goods and western production methods based on world market prices.

There are strong traditional attitudes, on both sides, of cold war hostility that make cooperation appear unnatural. And the indirect though partial military confrontation in Vietnam creates additional resistances. Perhaps the most surprising aspect of the matter, however, is that underlying sentiment, on both sides, is as favorable as it is, and that both sides are still making efforts, despite Vietnam, to strengthen the détente. Thus President Johnson has requested authority to extend most-favored-nation trade treatment to additional bloc countries, and the USSR is advertising in

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The New York Times for more United States business.

To understand what is behind this, one must consider the internal dynamics of the great drive going on in East Europe to modernize their economies. This leads to a power struggle between the younger dynamic, pragmatically oriented managerial élite, and its professional and technical allies, and the predominantly older, politically and ideologically oriented leadership whose power derives primarily from participation in long-distant revolutionary struggles. The new "technocrats" badly need practical successes to strengthen their power base and accelerate their accession to top responsibility. A successful program of industrial modernization with dramatic improvements in living standards is exactly what would do the trick. A large-scale ITC program could make a major contribution.

There is some danger that the economic reforms may founder as a result of the temporary disorganization incidental to the changeover to a new, more decentralized system, and as a result, also, of the passive or active resistance of entrenched bureaucrats who fear a loss of influence and prestige (and ultimately of their jobs). East Europe's technocrats are particularly eager to get whatever help they can from the west to help them over this difficult period of adjustment.

Is it in the interest of the west to extend such help? The most perceptive statesmen and business leaders of the west think it is – despite the obvious risks. A reversion to Stalinism in East Europe would be a disaster. A moderate production-minded leadership in East Europe offers the only realistic hope of easing the arms race and establishing a workable world security.

What ITC Programs Involve

While the long-term benefits of a mere increase in east-west *trade* can easily be questioned, major programs of ITC might have much more profound and lasting effects. Such programs involve close cooperation between high-level technical and managerial personnel, especially in the case of coproduction ventures – with their built-in profit incentive to cooperate effectively despite ideological differences. Such cooperation could not only promote a sharp advance in East European productivity, but could also become an important school for mutual understanding and for developing habits of cooperation. It would also strengthen the position of the new eastern technocrats, who would be in charge of the modernizing campaign and would get the political credit for its success.

Naturally, there will be strong resistances in the east, particularly from the managers of rival enterprises who will be jealous of the superior profitability of the coproduction ventures, and who will resent the higher wages, salaries and working conditions they will be able to offer. The ideal solution, if feasible, would be to permit the more efficient enterprises to take the others over, using part of their profits to provide attractive retirement pensions and bonuses for the retiring managers. In most cases, however, this would not suffice, and it would be necessary to offer the displaced managers new prestige assignments. Glamour posts overseas in diplomatic and intelligence work might provide such opportunities, and in this case the west might find it worthwhile to cooperate by allowing the eastern countries to increase the staffs of their embassies and consulates. (The efficiency of their operations would not necessarily be improved thereby.)

In the usual way of looking at things, international relations consist primarily of military and diplomatic interactions, plus trade. Recently increasing attention has been paid to "cultural" interactions and, on the economic side, to the balance of payments and foreign aid policies. We are only just beginning to understand the phenomenon of "international production" as something different from any of the above. International production is production generated by the conscious combination on a cooperative basis of the technology and/or management of two or more nations, or by the cooperative use of the management and technology of one nation with the labor and physical resources of another to the joint advantage of both.

I have roughly estimated the international production of US companies outside the US in 1965 to have been around $80 billion. This is an enormous sum – more than the entire national incomes of France and the UK. Compared to this, the $4.9 billion of US direct foreign investment in 1965, the $4.3 billion of US foreign economic aid, or even the $26.2 billion of US commodity exports – the usual measures of a nation's economic contribution to, or impact upon, other nations – all seem very small. Moreover, this total is only for the international production of *American* companies. The additional international production of European, Japanese and other international companies has not yet been calculated.

What we see beginning to happen in East Europe is the application of this same enormous but little understood productive force to an area hitherto largely isolated by mutual hostility and misunderstanding.

ITC thus appears to offer an exciting potential tool for east-west cooperation in harnessing the profit motive of both eastern and western enterprises to the building of a more peaceful world. It is surprising, indeed, that so little is known about this instrument. Efforts are now under way to arrange for the financing of the necessary studies which will give businessmen a better view of its profitability and risks, and will give statesmen a much clearer view of its political potentialities and limitations.

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN *German Journey*

I am one of a dozen American writers currently spending two weeks in Germany on a trip co-sponsored by the Ford Foundation and Atlantic Bridge. The latter is an institute privately financed by some prominent German businessmen who want to increase knowledge of West Germany among Americans. The institute has arranged some group meetings for us and fixes introductions to individuals each of us wants to meet. Here are some notes:

Millions of Americans have toured postwar Germany, and I have met dozens of Germans in America. Nevertheless, when the plane touches down on my first trip to Germany, the first reaction that slices through me is: If this were 25 years ago I would soon be on my way to the ovens. Translated through the prisms of reason and of postwar history, I suppose that what this reaction really means is: Could it happen here again?

In the center of Hamburg is a large lake, which is the happiest central idea for a city. Rebuilt Hamburg has made the most of it, except that the houses on the far side of the lake, facing my hotel window, would be multi-colored if this were a Danish or Italian city. I am told that in the incendiary-bomb raids of 1943, which continued for a whole week and which took 100,000 lives, this whole lake was drained dry by firefighters.

A meeting with a group of university students. In answering our questions they are politely responsive and, when pressed, seem almost reluctantly excited. But they complain of university conditions – the anonymity of the student and the aloofness of the professor – in terms that make the American multiversity seem cozy.

They report a general political apathy among students (they themselves are some of the exceptions) and they say that, among their friends, there is small concern with the subject of German reunification. One of the reasons for lack of political fervor among students, they think, is the memory of what submission to political emotion did to their parents. Also, they all must work slavishly to get degrees, which are crucial for advancement in almost every sort of white-collar occupation. (Later I meet two young journalists, both intelligent and pretty girls. One is on a leading serious weekly and is bound to rise; the other is on a cheap newspaper and will probably always work on it or its equivalent. The prime difference between them is that the former has a doctorate.)

But this encounter with students (and some later ones) suggests that there is another reason for their limited response to us. They are bored with our questions. Not just because they have anticipated them or have heard most of them before. But because we are all of the generation that is coeval with the origins of massive German guilt, and the generation simply cannot respond – whatever their views – on quite the same wave-length.

Hamburg prides itself on not being provincial. For instance, because its ancient port is one through which most Persian carpets enter Europe, there is a substantial colony of Iranians in Hamburg, and a mosque is being built. There are over 40 Chinese restaurants.

Rolf Liebermann is a Swiss composer who for eight years has been the director of the Hamburg Opera and has made it one of the best in Europe. He is vigorous, voluble, handsome in a big-nosed way. He is trying, he says, to run a "music theater"; he considers "opera" a 19th-century term. To this end he has all his operas staged by theatre directors, since he feels that the stage-director has the power to ruin an opera performance and that the conventional opera-house stager often exercises that power. Thus, even the standard works in the Hamburg repertory are, to some extent, revitalized. (The singing in *Don Giovanni* and *Arabella* is on a generally good level, the acting in both is well above Met standards. The *Arabella* settings are superb.)

Liebermann commissions two new operas a year. (Last autumn he gave the successful world premiere of *The Visitation* by Gunther Schuller, the American composer.) When Liebermann commissions a work, he discusses the subject with the composer, and they agree on a librettist. When the libretto is finished, the composer is invited to Hamburg where the work is tentatively cast before a note of music is written. Then the composer spends a week or so with his future singers, learning their voices and styles. (It is a relatively permanent company.) Then he goes away and writes his opera, while the stage director and designer begin their work from the *text alone*.

I am taken to a strip joint off the notorious Reeperbahn. Most of the acts could be seen in most American strip joints, but two of them distinctly could not be seen in any American show open to the public. I am feeling very worldly until, as I leave, I notice that the place is on both Diners Club and American Express.

Carl Friedrich von Wizsaecker was a physicist for 25 years, toward the end of which he worked on nuclear matters for the Hitler government. ("Happily, we did not succeed very well.") In recent years he has been teaching philosophy at the University of Hamburg. He is white-haired, speaks English fluently, has a lean, ascetic, almost beautiful face. Hamburg seems to regard him as its leading intellectual. We spend a morning with him in a sleek ultra-modern house built by the huge Deutsche Bank as a residence for trainees. He addresses us for a half hour or so, pointing out that after 1918 Germany was politically weak and intellectually strong; after 1945, she was politically stable and intellectually undistinguished. The difference in political stability he attributes to the Allies' concern to reestablish Germany in 1945, which was far from the case after the First War. The intellectual

(Continued on page 36)

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C. S. Lewis: No Further than Gethsemane

by Roger Hazelton

C. S. Lewis died in 1963 at the age of 64. He is perhaps known best as a remarkably deft and lively apologist for traditional Christianity. He pled his cause with wit and ardent logicality, utilizing many forms of writing for the purpose – essays, imaginary correspondence, poems, science fiction, literary criticism, and doctrinal or biblical exposition. His reputation as a Milton scholar is no less secure though naturally more restricted. At Oxford and later at Cambridge he taught English literature for a long and fruitful period, a hearty, no-nonsense sort of man, with a great gift for significant friendship. He was the very model of a Christian humanist in the lineage of G. K. Chesterton and Pascal.

Letters of C. S. Lewis
Edited, with a Memoir,
by W. H. Lewis
(Harcourt, Brace & World; $5.95)

This collection of letters made by his devoted brother strengthens and confirms the impression of the man which comes through his previously published work. The letters sparkle with insight and a low-keyed natural eloquence but never dazzle or bemuse. When Lewis had a point to make, and he usually did, he would approach it head-on and wrap it up in a crisp, memorable statement. He hated verbiage and redundancy. His own style was generally straightforward, robust, somewhat inclined to be pat, even in his imaginative writing. Yet it was by no means heavy-handed and never, or almost never, dull. His writer's conscience kept him from merely blurting out truth as he saw it, regarded every piece he did as a kind of personal encounter, and knew the difference between stating a conviction and securing one.

These letters abound in evidence of the same rare combination of positive directness and disarming persuasiveness. He had strong opinions on a wide range of topics and issues which he propounded enthusiastically. Some of them seem at times a bit edgy and brittle, but by and large they strike the reader as considered, reasonable, and are invariably thought-provoking. As a teacher and successful writer he was often asked his views on subjects of special or common interest and was delighted to oblige. On government: "We hear too much of the State. Government is at its best a necessary evil. Let's keep it in its place." On social planning: "Where benevolent planning, armed with political or economic power, becomes wicked is when it tramples on people's *rights* for the sake of their *good*." Or on the Virgin Mary: ". . . If the Blessed Virgin is as good as the best mothers I have known, she does not *want* any of the attention which might have gone to her Son to be diverted to herself." Lewis' letters show how well he had mastered the skill of being sagacious without becoming sententious; his views are worth being taken seriously just because they are expressed with a light touch, not as if they were the only truth in the world that mattered. Indeed his life seems to have been one long, exhilarating conversation with ideas as much as with persons, in which certain provincialisms and prejudices may be detected, but from which honest search and dialogic openness are never absent.

Often in his letters Lewis pictures himself as a conservative in literary, social or religious matters, but his conservatism deserves a hearing because it is fully self-conscious. "In talking to me," he wrote to a woman correspondent, "you must beware, because I am conscious of a partly pathological hostility to what is fashionable." Hence he could make hostility to fashion itself fashionable, and did so, among several student generations in English-speaking countries. His honesty in sizing himself up only added to the impact of what he wanted to communicate.

"What a wonderful power is in the direct appeal which disregards the temporary climate," Lewis exclaimed to his brother, and made this his program in his teaching and writing. He had a clear sense of what success in such a venture required and just how he proposed to achieve it. What saved his native conservatism from becoming either simple or stubborn was an equally fundamental strain of independent, hard-core rationality. When he was offered membership in the Society for the prevention of Progress, in Walnut Creek, California, he replied as follows:

> "While feeling that I was *born* a member of your Society, I am nevertheless honored to receive the outward seal of membership. I shall hope by continued orthodoxy and the unremitting practice of Reaction, Obstruction, and Stagnation to give you no reason for repenting your favor."

He kept his balance, and helped others to keep theirs, by a ready sense of humor and the "unremitting practice" of a humane intelligence in realms where all too often only stereotypes and slogans held sway.

As revealed in his correspondence Lewis was an eminently companionable man, so long as there was something humanly useful to be learned or talked about. He had very little time for gossipy small talk or mere "information," however. In Oxford he belonged to a group called the Inklings whose membership included Tolkien and Owen Barfield; they read drafts of work in progress to each other, gave and received criticism, conversed together on matters of common concern with uninhibited conviviality. A bachelor for most of his life, Lewis was

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able to alternate easily between times of relaxed hospitality and the disciplines of productive work.

One of his most deeply-marked attachments was an enthusiastic devotion to Charles Williams, who came to Oxford during the war years. Lewis admired Williams chiefly because of the latter's demonstration that "art could teach" without becoming simply didactic or propagandistic. The two men found in the study and pursuit of literature a Christian substance which brought art and faith together in a rare, intimate, and ingenious manner. Lewis' affectionate admiration for this "most angelic man" was not uncritical, however. He worried about the obscurity in much of Williams' writing, and when Williams wrote what he considered a bad book he did not hesitate to call it "bloody awful."

The *Letters*, as might be expected of a man who expended so much of himself in personal relationships and a vast amount of work, do not give more than a few hints of self-revelation. But these few are all the more noteworthy on that account. There were evidently periods of real despondency and gnawing doubt: "I can get no further than Gethsemane;" he once wrote Barfield. His reconversion to Christianity is treated reticently and announced as a fact, without more than glancing references to what his brother calls "a slow steady convalescence from a deep-seated spiritual illness of long standing – an illness that had its origins in our childhood, in the dry husks of religion offered by the semi-political church-going of Ulster, in the similar dull emptiness of compulsory church during our schooldays."

Paradoxically perhaps, Lewis' rather sudden popularity as a religious writer had an adverse effect upon his own progress toward what he regarded as Christian maturity. He wrote to Dorothy Sayers, "I'm all for little books on other subjects with their Christianity latent," and again, half a year later, "My own frequent uneasiness comes from . . . the fact that apologetic work is so dangerous to one's own faith. A doctrine never seems dimmer to me than when I have just successfully defended it."

A large proportion of the letters consists in replies to people who had

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asked for various kinds of advice after reading his books. Lewis answered kindly and succinctly inquiries about the influence of other writers on his own work, served as a spiritual director for a woman whose husband had taken a mistress, argued points of doctrine with members of the clergy and encouraged several children in America who had expressed a desire to write but didn't know how or where to begin.

The dominant impression of these letters is that C. S. Lewis lived as he taught. His Christian humanism was no unstable compound of churchly beliefs and worldly habits, but the healthy avowal and exercise of both. He once wrote that what so attracted him to Christianity was that it was both hard and tender at the same time – "it is the blend that is important." No one has set forth more persuasively than he, for spiritually famished people of our time, the rigorous yet joyous meaning of that fruitful tension. As he told a correspondent in 1951: "I think that if God forgives us we must forgive ourselves. Otherwise it is almost like setting ourselves up as a higher tribunal than Him."

MacBird: An Historical Review

by Don Carlos Buell

I

A contemporary account of William Shakespeare's play, MacBird.

The new play of Master Shakespeare hath caused the greatest excitement; in what ways I cannot say. Certainly it hath excited much commentary – "The funniest, toughest-minded, and most ingenious political satire I've read in years."

This play hath been said to mark the accession of our newly anointed sovereign, James. In the same manner, it hath been said to mourn the decline of our late sovereign, Elizabeth. It hath been rumoured, now, that Shakespeare will retire to the country, his plays comprising many more Elizabethan dramas than otherwise; or, if retirement be postponed, he will compose no further tragedies, but rather – as befits our most beloved author – Idyllic Romances, which style hath a guarantee of universal pleasure.

– *Author Unknown*

MacBird
by Barbara Garson
(Grove; 75 cents)

II

An extract from a complete edition of Shakespeare's works edited by Samuel Johnson.

. . . It remains but to say a few words upon *MacBird* (as they may, indeed, be the last words ever said upon it, and it is my invariable custom to have the last word). My predecessors have passed over in silence this product, or half-product, of our Chief Poet; patriotism being the last refuge of an editor. It is rumored that this play is the first of those unfortunate experiments in which Shakespeare was asked to collaborate with a new and untried author. Consider the line:

This above all – to thine own class
be true . . .

The sentiment is not inconsistent with Shakespeare – he who never slighted any of the classes of men. But I have never encountered such a sentiment phrased quite that way, and I shall adduce many such lines in the notes that follow (it possibly supports the theory that this was a first collaboration, though I will not assert it, that *MacBird* was not produced originally for a publick performance at the Globe Theatre, but merely for a private one, before a provincial gathering at the country home of Lord Berkeley).

I am informed that there is a tradition (which may have begun with the gentleman who informed me, yesterday, at Will's Coffee House) that *MacBird* was once, briefly, popular; or, if not popular, that it was once praised. Popular, Sir? I demanded of him. With whom? Yourself? Popular with Mr. Garrick? With any actor from Burbage forward? *Richard III,* Sir, is popular, and deservedly so. Murder plain as day, and no doubt about it; villainy in heroick proportions; someone you can *hate,* Sir. What can you feel about MacBird, where the author himself is so queasy about what type of character he is? *MacBird* is tragi-comedy, Sir, fish and fowl, neither and nor; it cannot be done well, though you are surprised to find it done at all.

That it was once *praised,* I conceded, is more possible, as there are always those who will praise anything, if it be of the right *kind.* Precisely, said this gentleman, taking heart as I lapsed momentarily into silence; and

COMING

MacBird on Broadway

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he at once developed at great length a theory (like the man possessed of but one idea, and that a wrong one) that *MacBird* somehow embodied a subtle attack on the sovereign of the time, James I. I easily refuted this foolish theory, point by point. If Shakespeare had wished to attack James (which I think would have been most ill-advised of him), would he have risked misunderstanding by composing a piece of *fiction?* Fiction is ever liable to be misunderstood, Sir; especially if the plot be traditional, and the mere details of it provide the sole opportunity for artistic license. Shakespeare impresses me as a man of great good sense. Had I been Shakespeare, I should not have trusted to the effect produced by a piece of entertainment, comforting myself that it hardly mattered, as James was unpopular and Elizabeth popular. I should have noted that James was alive and Elizabeth dead. And I should have stated my case against James honestly, straightforwardly, and sensibly – in an anonymous pamphlet.

I see, Sir, that you are at a loss for words. But I have only found you an argument, I am not obliged to find you an understanding. . . .

III

Extracts from MacBird: A fresh appraisal, based on new source material, *a doctoral dissertation submitted to the faculty of Cascadia Community College* by Orrin Snard.

MacBird is the most obscure, neglected play in the Shakespearean canon. Naturally scholars have been greatly concerned over it. Why should this be so? Why should *Hamlet, Othello, Lear* continue popular, when, chronologically, *MacBird* falls right in the line of these tragedies, since it can hardly be classed as an idyllic romance, which is the common classification for the plays that follow it, unless we grant that *MacBird* belongs in a special category.

Much new material has come to light in recent years, and though one must move cautiously in evaluating such material at its true worth, I should like to note here a privately printed Elizabethan drama, anonymously authored (a common enough practice when the author was of the nobility), entitled *MacBeth,* which seems to bear certain striking stylistic affinities to *MacBird.*

Consider the line

So foul and fair a day I have not seen *(MacBeth).*

Consider the line

So foul, unfair a day I've never seen *(MacBird).*

(Shakespeare, as usual, is unable to resist a pun.)

These are sample lines. I could, and in fact, shall, adduce other lines, and with the addition of these examples increase the probability that *MacBird* was modelled upon *MacBeth.*

We can, therefore, make this assertion non-categorically, pending examination of some of the other new source material that has recently come to light (*e.g.* the many plays which were written around common themes at this period).

It would be most interesting, of course, to know who the author of *MacBeth* is. It is not impossible that it was Shakespeare himself (*Hamlet* exists in more than one version). If this is true, I believe *MacBeth* deserves to take its place as the most important Shakespearean draft extant, exceeding even the first version of *Hamlet.*

Considered thus, the changes that turned *MacBeth* into *MacBird* are most enlightening. MacBeth's character, for example, degenerates into a flamboyant self-pity and remorse for his crimes at the end. Shakespeare must have rejected this as a too-embarrassing plea for audience sympathy. MacBird, by comparison, is indeed charmless, but he is more consistent psychologically. Reflecting this psychology, his language is terse, flat even, in its affecting simplicity.

All in all, the neglect of *MacBird* is to be lamented. I take this play to be Shakespeare's most forward-looking. Forward to what? To, I think, a greater social-consciousness on Shakespeare's part. In *MacBeth* he is content to paint us an evil man, spouting poetry to ease his pains. We are allowed to react to him as to any human, even to admire him at times (*cf.* Milton's Lucifer). The author of *MacBird* attempted something more, to control our very responses, to teach us, in fact, a lesson.

I wonder, though I have been unable to discover, if Ibsen ever spoke of *MacBird?*

IV

A complete review of the new musical It's a MacBird! *which opened and closed at the Shubert Theater, Boston; appearing in* The New Boston, *reviewed by Ken Kevenny.*

Fans of *Kiss Me Kate* and *The Boys from Syracuse* won't know what they're missing when they miss this one – something about a crisis in the Far East. If you can figure out what the title means maybe you already know that this abomination was based on an honest-to-goodness play by Shakespeare. The fellows in the Research Department – yes, we have one – tell me it's called *MacBird.* Logical enough. Well, they fooled me with *Two Guys from Verona.*

Is there anything salvageable from this wreck, you ask? A song, the name of a walk-on perhaps? Well, I give you the title of the following number, taken – they tell me again – from an actual line in the play. "Last night the Eastern Kingdom blackened over." This was the Second Act song and dance, and the stage was in total darkness for 20 minutes. The hero, it seems, blew a fuse. This guy MacBird, in fact, was supposed to be responsible for everything that went wrong last night. I don't know. He gave me the best 20 minutes I had the whole evening. I'd rather blame the authors of this show, and maybe even Shakespeare. Anybody got a copy of – what was it? – *MacBird?*

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ART

Art as Money Value

The plastic arts are distinguished from all other arts by being, in addition to whatever else they are, private property to be owned by the customer. This elementary fact still shocks some people when they find out about it and even Robert Wraight, for many years art correspondent in London sales rooms, writes basically from an abiding sense of shock that such things can be. His book is an extremely useful and often enlightening account of the way things are in the English scene of buying and selling art. Since England, however mini- she may be in other ways, is decidedly the mother country still when it comes to the art game, the complex world the book describes is also our own in a very great part.

The Art Game
by Robert Wraight
(Simon & Schuster; $6)

Among the author's ample qualifications for his task is the fact that he was there when Norton Simon, the California collector, made his famous resumed bid for the Rembrandt *Titus* at Christie's two years ago. The book sports a photo of Mr. Simon protesting vigorously, with Mr. Wraight behind him scribbling furiously to keep up with it all. As probably the best informed but uninvolved eyewitness present, Mr. Wraight thinks that Mr. Simon was wrong. The picture should have gone to Marlborough Gallery in any normal auction room procedure, the auctioneer, Christie's chairman, Peter Chance, having repeatedly spoken the last Marlborough bid to Mr. Simon. The Californian, on the other hand, did have his complicated arrangement of sitting down, standing up, raising a finger and actually bidding by voice with numbers, every step of which rigmarole had been given a definite meaning and agreed to in advance by the house. According to the rules of his charade, Mr. Simon was still bidding, although silent, when the Rembrandt was knocked down to Marlborough.

The Simon story is here told not primarily as the first class art journalism that it is but as an example of the lengths to which bidders go to conceal their intentions. Nor is it the most extreme; at the same sale, immediately following the Rembrandt, the author cites an even more bizarre instance. All of this is presented as evidence not of the eccentricity of dealers and collectors – though God knows there's plenty of that in the book, as there is in life – but as an intimate understanding of the cash nexus between art and life. Mr. Simon's arrangements were set up primarily to conceal his identity as buyer. With the standing up-sitting down business, he was theoretically able to continue bidding without moving a muscle. Unfortunately, he had been earlier carried away by the contest and revealed himself very clearly as bidder, thus causing confusion when he tried to regain his anonymity.

The point of anonymity is money. In Mr. Simon's case there was also the slight risk of getting the Rembrandt out of the country once he had bought it. But mainly the bidding dealer seeks to hide his intentions for the same reason the poker player hides his. Knowledge of what a bidder is apparently up to is demonstrably worth money to the auctioneer, the seller, other bidders and even other mere observers of the scene.

Mr. Wraight's book is one of those delightful exposés of a "game" that also teach you how to play it. The novice in the art market could have no better guide to auction rooms and country sales. For that matter anyone can learn something from Mr. Wraight's years of experience and patient, detailed examination of what happens in every aspect of art connected with money. He is good on fakes and forgeries, making clear the

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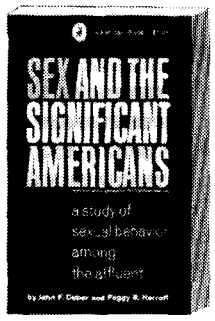

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elemental point that most such cases do not involve a Van Meegeren sitting in his studio turning out Rembrandts and Vermeers. The usual process is quite different and is based on upgrading existing works of the appropriate period, the escalation taking place more in the ambience and the presentation than upon the surface of the work, although that too can be done, especially in the matter of the adding or "correcting" of a signature.

Also within the scope of the book are such manifestations as "instant artists" who find ready acceptance at vanity galleries, and self-made critics who rise steadily from writing for nothing except prestige and drinks to working regularly on the BBC, a phenomenon we don't quite have in this country. On the other hand, he makes no mention of the critic who deals, more or less openly, in the art he advocates, so perhaps that phenomenon doesn't exist in England, although it certainly does on the other side of the channel.

The conclusion from all of this excellent examination is less a reasoned statement, such as, there sure is a lot of money in art and there are innumerable ways to get some of it without ever putting brush to canvas, than a pervasive feeling of corruption by money.

The conclusion is wrong, I think. You could get the same feeling from taking the life of Sam Shubert seriously as a resumé of 20th-century American theatre. Art is a commodity, bought and sold in one of the last of the truly free market places. The corruptions that spring, perhaps inevitably, from that connection are displeasing but they are superficial. Art endures. It was not always conceived of as private property. A great deal of the very greatest art of the past, from the Egyptians well into the Renaissance, was commissioned, conceived, executed and enjoyed as public property. Two major factors are at work today to turn private into public in the near future. One is the tax laws, inexorably bringing more and more of the supply of authentic private delights of art into the public domain of museums. At the same time and for some years now, artists have worked for museums in the sense of sheer size. There are paintings regularly produced which cannot possibly have been intended for anyone's living room. They demand – and often get – museum housing. Related to this consideration is the steady change of avant garde art into performance. There has been an element of that present ever since Dali was a youth, but with Robert Rauschenberg and Allan Kaprow, it has become formalized. Whatever one may think of the results, such art has left forever behind its former status as objects to be bought and sold. Thus the most basic condition for the world of cash corruption surveyed so thoroughly by Mr. Wraight is by no means necessarily permanent and unchangeable.

FRANK GETLEIN

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DOCUMENTARY FILM

Natchez, Lovely Natchez

I recently saw a film that is a valuable historical document. In one hour, years of argument and rhetoric are neatly and quietly compressed, but also brought to life. The film is *Black Natchez*, and it was done by Edward Pincus, a graduate student in philosophy, and David Neuman, recently out of college. I suppose they would be called "amateurs" by those who like to know exactly who is who and why. On their own, with meagre money and rented equipment they went to Mississippi in 1965, determined to stay for many months, not to "do" a movie, but to live and learn, to find out whether their presence could eventually become irrelevant enough to enable the kind of film footage they wanted.

Black Natchez (Pincus & Neuman)

They chose Natchez, "lovely Natchez" we used to call it in the 50's and early 60's when I lived in the state. We had no civil rights problem then, only "peace and tranquility," as our distinguished governor, Ross Barnett, used to remind us when "violence" broke out elsewhere. The city is in the southwestern part of the state and stands on bluffs more than 200 feet above the Mississippi River. During steamboat days its port was busy, not only with cotton but people, slaves being transported or fine families stopping off for food, rest and gambling, which flourished there. The *Natchez Free Trader* kept its readers up to date on river news, and just before the Civil War Frederick Olmstead was able to say that the city had "the best hedges and screens of evergreen shrubs . . . in America." To this day thousands go there every year to see handsome antebellum homes, about two scores of them as I recall, enough to keep the serious visitor several days.

In 1963, George Greene moved to Natchez, and because he was a SNCC field secretary he found it inconvenient to visit those homes. He even found it inconvenient to do the kind of work most civil rights workers do in the South, because along with those homes Natchez can claim many Klansmen. The terror in Natchez and adjoining Adams County in a sense turned even Greene and one or two others into social scientists; for a year they did nothing but document incidents of violence reported to them by a few Negroes bold enough to do so.

I well remember what historic, scenic Natchez did to the mind and spirit of George Greene in one year. I also recall the hours of debate when the Mississippi Summer Project of 1964 was being planned. How could anyone do anything in that fortress of racial "stability"?

By 1965 no part of Mississippi was safe from "agitation." Negro children, some of them 12 or 13 years old, had the nerve to picket stores, demanding better jobs for their parents. They wanted other things, too, like access to the town's library or auditorium, not to mention its voting booths and the "other" school system. In retaliation George Metcalfe, president of the Natchez NAACP, was critically hurt by a bomb attached to his car. The town was upset. *The Natchez Democrat* reported the mayor's words: "Natchez is a peaceful, law-abiding community whose citizens deeply resent violence in any form." A reward was offered to help capture the would-be murderer – and Negroes were arrested by the carload for picketing, then shipped in chartered Trailways buses to the infamous Parchman State Penitentiary. Eventually the National Guard took over the city, in the face of continuing marches and protests by an aroused Negro community. In the end (after stalled negotiations, resumed talks and new federal laws) an almost standard Southern solution occurred: a few Negro police were hired, a few Negro faces appeared here and there in the white world. It is safe to say that the following (1960) statistics for Natchez

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This was our June cover. You should have seen October's.

By Jerome Agel

While reviewers are praising for the umpteenth time the diary of a Swiss private and the history of glass design, we're reporting what's happening, what's really happening, baby. Like "The Boys of Boise," Idaho's homosexual scandals; For Hotch the Belle Tolls; The real message of "MacBird"; "Don't jump on the RFK bandwagon"; Pamela Tiffin's College of One; New Journalists Replacing Old Novelists; LSD and the turned-on grandmother; "Ho Chi Minh's Daughter"; Capote pays up his Tynan bet. Our name is BOOKS, the lively monthly for the very lively reader. Every issue is an unpredictable experience. Says Newsweek: "BOOKS has a talent for first-rate scoops." Broadway-London playwright: "Every issue is like a great night in the theater." Captain of industry: "Gives me ideas." Princeton prof: "BOOKS is fantastically imaginative, entertaining. Put me down for two more gift subscriptions." Manhattan femme fatale: "Reading BOOKS is like living with someone you love. You're beautiful." Our widely quoted, exclusive Cocktail Party column makes news: Jeane Dixon, the seer, told us: "Governor Wallace would make a good President." Marshall McLuhan said: "Art is anything you can get away with." News, seminal ideas, layouts available nowhere else. Plus plus plus. Scoop scoop scoop. There is something new under the fun sun: Us—BOOKS. See for yourself.

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and the rest of Adams County still hold: The population is half and half, but the median family income for whites is $5,600, and for Negroes, $1,994; school expenditures per pupil for whites come to $162.81, and for Negroes, $99.05; the number of whites making under $2,000 per year is 369, and the number of Negroes, 1,944; the number of whites making over $9,000 per year is 996, and Negroes, 24. Over a quarter of a century ago that situation was described in a matter-of-fact way by the authors of *Deep South*: they used the words "white power."

The two young men who made *Black Natchez* came there well before the NAACP official was hurt, before the city faced a major crisis. They did not arrive on scene because "news" was being made, nor did they try to make news, or a "story" by arranging and rearranging people or situations. They lived in the town, the black side of the town, and over the months became familiar with it, and known to its people. They knew how to keep their equipment under wraps, how to live and observe. They were no "camera crew," nor did they have any deadline – or cause to fight. When they started filming they did so around the clock, to learn.

Eventually Natchez settled down, and eventually the two filmmakers retired to do their work, edit over 90,000 feet of synchronous sound film. (The result will be shown on National Educational Television this spring.) What have they produced? *Cinema verité* (direct cinema) it is called; everything "from life," with no "reconstructions," no "interviews." Yet, a movie is more than the technique its makers used – though today that may be an old-fashioned assumption. In this case the city of Natchez provided the two observers a bonus they never dreamed possible, a drama with rising and falling action. A situation of "ordinary," stagnant injustice suddenly exploded into a noisy, stirring emergency, with its aftermath of bitter fatigue and resignation.

The film is done without interpretive narration. It opens with some Negroes talking about forming an organization like the Deacons to defend themselves. They are ordinary men, not leaders and not civil rights workers. They are afraid – afraid of whites, afraid of their own weakness, their own useless, necessarily subdued anger. Above all they are afraid to do anything, even to arm themselves, because they have no conviction that anything they try will make the slightest difference in their everyday lives. The camera moves from face to face, then moves outside, to the town, to black Natchez, whose houses command no tourists, whose people are lucky to eat, sleep and love unmolested by white intrusions of one sort or another.

From the sight of Natchez as a representative Southern town, we slowly move to the experience of a particular moment of political conflict. Children are picketing and trying to get more for their parents, for themselves as future parents; and a white organizer tries to inspire Negroes to follow suit, out of shame if not pride. "She don't understand," though. We see exactly what she doesn't understand – how they feel, what they see, and what a request from her of all people means. Ironically, once again the white man reduces the Negro to fear, to excuses and to the further calculated display of apathy.

Then the bombing, the almost successful assassination takes place, and Natchez is a different city. A thousand psychological and sociological truths are shattered, turned into splinters by the fact that violence can sometimes generate a new relationship between victim and oppressor. Crowds of Negroes assemble, full of anger and determination. The press arrives and television cameras, so that one camera can show other cameras at work, influencing by their very presence the people whose actions are making news. That vague abstraction "the community" suddenly becomes tangible, visible. Charles Evers is on hand to exhort people, to give them direction. Others are there, too – young men and women from the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party. The battle is joined, between ministers, businessmen and teachers on the one hand, and young "activists" on the other. A committee that is to bargain with the mayor has no members that had been picketing, none that are poor, or young or wom-

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en. The struggle is by now a familiar one, but the experience of seeing it unfold at close quarters in a movie-house is altogether new.

Events conspired to furnish additional drama for the film. A curfew was called followed by the entrance of the National Guard, with its helicopters, jeeps and drawn guns, showing once and for all the force and power that keep voteless, impoverished people respectful indeed of what sounds so right and good to the rest of us when it is urged – "law and order." There were night meetings, and day meetings, with increasing tension and increasing despair. The committee of Negroes was rebuffed by the mayor, and of course had to save face with the crowd, temporize, strive to keep pressure on white Natchez and the momentum for change alive in black Natchez. All this the film captures unforgettably: the leader's eyes, both wary and confident; the mixed faces before him, impassive, tentatively hopeful, disbelieving, full of zeal, ready to die, unwilling for a moment to lift a finger; and the guile, bluff and make-believe that all sides practice, part of what politics is, I suppose. The moderates of Black Natchez show their corrupt, pompous side, but more than a touch of arrogance and cruel insensitivity appears among the radical youth – including one scene that finds a white, northern civil rights worker trying to sell Ivy League logic ("You've just contradicted yourself") and Robert's *Rules of Order* ("That's right, the majority decides") to legitimately confused and agitated people.

The end comes swiftly and is true-to-life. Fervor subsides; weariness and a sense of futility return; the decisions will be made by negotiators, who will determine what those who have must give to keep those who have not more or less "quiet." People scold one another, or scratch their heads in bewilderment. How did it happen, so fast? What made a promising moment die? How is it that people can change overnight, abandon their lethargy, become willful, then put back on their old masks? Who speaks for Black Natchez, for Harlem or Watts?

I know of nothing in print that can match what *Black Natchez* offers: a di-

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rect look at a community, and one seized by a crisis, as well as an honest look at all sorts of things that social scientists study and study and study. If I were applying for one of those "research grants" to "evaluate" *Black Natchez*, I would say the film deals with real big things – like crowd behavior, social change, ideology in action, the ethnic politician, the generational gap, Negro nationalism, black power, class structure as it determines individual behavior, and all the rest of it, the deadening phrases and lifeless terms that are guaranteed to make the eyelids become heavy.

In any event, for an hour I could look and not read, and see people I have known all along in other cities brought to life. I am told that films like this are rare, and not encouraged. There is no money for them. They are a "risk" and not very "useful," though millions are available today for every kind of incomprehensible and absurd venture by the most incredible assortment of "investigators." I suppose there is a reason why. Pounds of wordy reports can help us dally forever over nothing.

A film that records what is actually happening leaves us only one clear-cut alternative, to remember or to forget very, very hard. Things being the way they are, we perhaps find it cheaper emotionally to forego an inexpensive *Black Natchez* and invest in costly, evasive language.

ROBERT COLES

Correspondence

Sorry 'Bout That

Sirs:

Although I cannot supply the statistical information you request in your January 7 note ("Sorry 'Bout That") I can, as a member of one of the medical teams in Vietnam supported by AID, report a few personal observations which, cast into numbers and multiplied by the entire country, would provide the raw material for such information.

Civilians injured by Allied troops (mostly in automobile accidents) are seen occasionally at our hospital. They are greatly outnumbered by patients such as these:

1) Villagers (mostly women and children) wounded by mortar shells deliberately fired into their hamlet by the Viet Cong, because the people refused to favor the communist side. (The number of these patients may have been reduced by the Viet Cong threat to kill all the injured who sought help from the government.)

2) Children burned by a phosphorus grenade thrown by a communist terrorist who wanted to dissuade their parents from voting in the national elections.

3) Members of the Popular Forces shot by the Viet Cong and North Vietnamese, because the Popular Forces are able to recognize an invasion of their homes by foreign troops and persist in defending them.

Also relevant to the question of civilian casualties are the facts that refugees fleeing Allied troops are nonexistent, refugees fleeing battle zones are not common, but refugees from communist control are numerous. People whose families have been killed accidentally by Allied arms are difficult to find; those whose families have been killed deliberately by the Viet Cong work with us every day.

Regarding the degree of concern for the lives of civilians of the various contestants in Vietnam, it is noteworthy that the communists have killed 100,000 of their countrymen since coming to power. This figure will undoubtedly be improved upon if they seize control of the entire country, since six percent of the population of South Vietnam fled there expressly to avoid living under red rule, and all the overt anti-communists in Vietnam are in the South.

If you are truly concerned about the welfare of the Viet people, let me suggest that you will do more good by

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Roger Hazelton, *Abbot Professor of Christian Theology at Andover Newton Theological School, is the author of several books about religion.* Don Carlos Buell *lives in Cambridge, Mass., and is working on a novel.*

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donating drugs and supplies to hospitals here than by criticizing the rest of the country for helping one of our few good anti-Chinese allies.

Michael D. Reynolds, MD
Nha-trang, South Vietnam

In reply:

Neil Sheehan reported in *The New York Times* on February 1 that a statistical survey in hospitals in South Vietnam in December indicated that the war causes many more civilian than military casualties and that the majority of the civilian wounded are probably victims of artillery and air bombardment. – The Editors

Supersonic Boom

Sirs:

There are several factors concerning the Supersonic Transport question which we would like to see explicitly stated, particularly in view of Stephen Merlan's letter (February 4):

It is highly probable that the Supersonic Transport boom intensities will be greater than those generated by Air Force aircraft during the supersonic overflights of various cities for the purpose of testing public boom-tolerance (see "The Supersonic Transport" by H. C. Hohenemser, *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists,* December 1966). Most of these boom intensities were lower than two pounds per square foot, a few reaching this level. Two pounds per square foot is, according to FAA standards, the maximum acceptable increase in atmospheric pressure for the leading pressure wave, measured at ground level, during Supersonic Transport climb, while 1.5 pounds is the limit for cruising flight. It appears that it will be just barely possible to design an aircraft of Supersonic Transport size which can satisfy these restrictions, assuming optimum atmospheric conditions. Actually experienced booms will not remain within these limits, due to density fluctuations in the atmosphere; the occurrence of twice the "design" sonic boom intensity is quite frequent. According to Dr. Hohenemser "there can be no doubt that a Supersonic Transport designed in accordance with FAA sonic boom standards will actually produce quite often very much greater sonic boom intensities." (We do not know how these compare to Mr. Merlan's experienced booms.) This seems to be in itself an overwhelming human expense for the benefit of a tiny minority of air travelers.

If he wishes to arrive in Europe "with muscles uncramped" he can expect to pay for it: *aside* from developmental costs, transatlantic direct operating costs have been estimated at 2.5-2.6 cents per seat mile (assuming 12 hours daily utilization, which seems unlikely – current US jets are operated 10.3 hours daily) comparing with 1.4 cents for current jets and .8 cent for the jumbo jets soon to enter service. This will reflect itself in a substantial increase in air fare. In short, the economics of the situation could result in a corporate bloodbath, with the taxpayer blaming the wounds (see "High Capacity Aircraft" by W. E. Kraemer, *Science and Technology,* May 1966). It should be mentioned that Boeing claims 1.0 cent direct operating costs on a 4,000-mile trip – this seems to be refuted by Kraemer.

There will be a significant cosmic ray hazard as a result of the high cruise altitude, particularly with respect to operating personnel. Who'll want to have children by an irradiated Supersonic Transport stewardess?

One can expect some structural damage from sonic booms.

Are the airports going to be located hours away from the cities?

It seems impossible not to conclude that a national phallic symbol isn't worth $2 billion of developmental research and $5 billion of financing, certainly not at the expense of other social needs.

Bruce Draine
John Greenly
David Garland
Lewis Pyenson
Swarthmore College

Who's Fit to be Free

Sirs:

James Ridgeway's article, *"Who's Fit to Be Free,"* (February 4) nicely demonstrates some of the difficulties that arise when non-psychotic criminals are handled as though they were mentally ill. When the Durham decision first

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Joseph Golden

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came into being, it was hailed as a humanitarian milestone. It was hoped that, by offering an opportunity for treatment instead of mere punishment, the offender would stand a greater chance of rehabilitation, and that, by determining length of incarceration on the basis of continuous expert evaluation in a hospital, instead of by fixed sentences arbitrarily imposed at time of trial, not only would the public be better protected from the dangerous offender, but many deserving inmates who would otherwise serve many wasted and unnecessary years in prison, would have greater opportunity for early release.

Mr. Ridgeway's article points out two of the chief drawbacks of the new law in action. In the first place, there is considerable doubt that the typical state or federal hospital, understaffed and overcrowded, provides any better "treatment" for criminals than a prison. Even under the best of conditions, there is little evidence that psychiatric techniques are effective in modifying criminal behavior. Secondly, as any good psychiatrist will admit, our clinical judgment has yet to be shown to be a reliable predictor of future criminal behavior. . . .

A more reasonable approach to penal reform than Durham would be to improve and standardize sentencing procedures. The Model Sentencing Act of the National Council on Crime and Delinquency offers one excellent approach. Under the Act, long sentences are given to dangerous offenders, defined on the basis of such tangibles as nature of offense and past criminal record, and short sentences given to the less dangerous offender.

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James Ridgeway raises many important questions regarding the Durham decision, which, though enacted in the spirit of helping certain accused criminals, actually results frequently in depriving individuals of basic human and civil rights. The case of Charles C. Rouse is, unfortunately, not an isolated incident. . . . "Not guilty by reason of insanity" often leads to longer incarceration than does imprisonment – with the "normal" prisoner retaining more of his civil rights than the individual judged "mentally ill" by forensic psychiatrists.

However, Mr. Ridgeway is not dealing with an even more basic question: What do we mean by "mental illness"? American psychiatry relies on the "Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders," according to which physicians (more specifically, psychiatrists) are presumed to be able to diagnose which "mental disease" a given individual possesses. The problem is that there is precious little evidence that a person has a given "mental disease" other than the occurrence of certain behaviors which the disease is supposed to be causing. This results in epistemological *culs de sac* such as are described in Ridgeway's article, *e.g.*, Rouse is mentally ill because of the ammunition he was toting, and he was toting the ammunition because he is mentally ill. . . .

We used to burn as witches those whose ideas and behaviors were found fearsome or obnoxious. Sometimes it seems that we have only progressed to more subtle modes of discrimination.

Gerald C. Davison
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Kauffmann, *from page 24*

difference he attributes to two causes: the cumulative effect in 1945 of two giant wars in a generation and the "loss of intellectual substance" even before the Second War. He estimates that about 50 percent of the leading German artists and intellectuals in his youth were Jews.

Further, he says that the intellectual balance of power has shifted to America. Even a theologian, like his prospective son-in-law, wants to go to America to study. In von Weizsaecker's present field of philosophy, most of the books that interest him, particularly on Platonic philosophy, are published in America – and he adds ruefully that most of his colleagues in all disciplines are still unaware of the eminence of America in their work. Every serious German student, he says, wants to spend at least a year of study in

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America. (Eventually I meet a number who have done so.)

Von Weizsaecker is intensely concerned with politics but does not openly participate because he feels he can be most helpful by remaining unallied with a party. He is asked to comment on the Nazi past of Herr Kiesinger. He would have preferred a chancellor without such a past but he believes Kiesinger is a capable man and will do a good job; that his Nazi membership has to be seen in historical perspective as an act of survival, not of spiritual commitment. (Later I meet a Berlin lawyer who defended von Weizsaecker's father in his post-1945 trial as a war criminal. The father – now dead – had been in Hitler's cabinet for some years and was later his ambassador to the Vatican, during all of which time he had also been a high official of the underground resistance.)

The recent electoral success of the neo-Nazi NPD is not to be taken lightly, von Weizsaecker says, but neither is it a cause for outright alarm. Most NPD supporters have always been there, and after two unsuccessful attempts, they have finally found a modestly viable political machine. They are not a new *growth*; they consist very largely of older people.

The ultimate impression that von Weizsaecker gives is of candid, sad intelligence. He admires present-day Germany in many ways, but does not quite trust it in all possible circumstances. I am particularly struck by his statement that Germany no longer dreams of being a Great Power. Surely it canonizes no other country to say that this German dream has been the special devil of our world for a hundred years. If it is dead, which seems to me credible, its death is our best insurance against Nazi resurgence.

The *idea* of Berlin today seems to have been devised by Ionesco. The capital of a country is transposed to the heart of another country. But the surrounding foreigners are all former compatriots. Then the capital is divided into two parts, and citizens of the western part are the only people in the world who are prevented from visiting the eastern part.

West Germans can visit East Berlin and East Germany, but not West Berliners. No phone calls can be made from West to East Berlin except by routing them through West Germany – through Frankfort, for instance – which takes about five hours and is expensive. A letter sent to a house that you may see across the Wall takes five days to arrive. Yet numerous Berliners tell me that they have long ago stopped worrying actively about the Wall. ("I take my dog for walks every day along the Wall. It's there, that's all!") But they say that Berlin is getting to be an old city. Despite tax incentives for people to stay or come there, despite a stipend to resident newlyweds that need not be repaid if the couple have three children within ten years, young people are leaving.

Contradictorily, the city is lively. There is some impulse in artists to live there, the point of greatest tension, instead of in the placid cities of West Germany. Also, the student body here is the most politically active in West Germany. Residence in West Berlin exempts them from West German military service, and this attracts many leftist young people. (While we are in Berlin, the police raid the office of a student political club because of a sharp manifesto – not on politics but on university conditions. On the day we meet with some Berlin students, there is a protest by two thousand of them against this raid.)

Neon. A neon world on the Kurfürstendamm and elsewhere. Are the laments about weak postwar German artistic imagination out of order? Is it possible that this imagination has simply been channeled into neon? The shop signs in Hamburg and Berlin are the prettiest I have ever seen. They make advertising seem positively gay; and – in the gray weather that prevails in the North German winter – they make walking much more pleasant by night than by day.

Friedrich Luft is the best-known drama critic in Germany. He lives in Berlin and writes for *Die Welt*. He is (I guess) in his early 60s, tall and courtly. He speaks perfect British English (his mother was Scotch). He and his artist-wife have been in this Berlin apartment since about 1930. I comment

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on the fact that it survived the bombs. "Partly luck, of course," he says. "But there was something else. Except for one year early in the war, I was at home, and when the incendiary bombs fell, I rushed up on the roof and threw them into the street. In every case a good deal depended on whether anyone was home during an incendiary raid."

Luft reviews plays in all the cities of West Germany, as well as West Berlin. (He cannot go to East Berlin.) His method is to write a short notice of 10 to 20 lines immediately after an opening, giving some facts and impressions of the play. This short notice appears on the front page of *Die Welt* next day. Then he writes a more thorough criticism which runs on the drama page a day later.

I ask him why he stays in Berlin. "It's awfully hard to explain and it doesn't quite make sense, I know, but this is still the center of Germany for me. Besides, I've lived here so long. I'm very attached to it – even to this neighborhood."

This neighborhood! Directly across the street are great vacant lots where bombed houses have been razed, and most of the scattered houses I see a couple of blocks away are quite new. Does one laugh or cry? Either would be impertinent.

On a rainy Saturday afternoon the streets of East Berlin are nearly deserted and seem endless as three of us walk from Checkpoint Charlie to the Pergamon Museum (a magnificent collection of antiquities). But the restaurant on Bertolt Brecht Platz is warmly lighted and well run.

I see a performance by the Berliner Ensemble of Brecht's *Schweik in the Second World War*. The play is a shoddy series of vaudeville skits; the performance is excellent in every way. The capacity audience seems ultrasober at the start. Schweik's first line makes me laugh, and the sound is loud in the otherwise quiet theatre. People in the row ahead turn almost as if to reprove me for laughing at the great Brecht – which seems to me even funnier. As the play proceeds, the audience begins to realize that it is a comedy, but in the dog-stealing scene, when the two girls sing a duet that Brecht clearly intended as a lampoon of Teutonic sentimentality, the audience breaks into loud applause. So much for the Alienation Effect.

One gruesome point. The play is full of satire of Nazi brutality and murder. Two days before, about ten blocks from the theatre where this audience is now sitting, their own police machine-gunned a man for approaching the first row of barbed wire on their side of the Wall.

Günter Grass comes to our hotel at midnight the day before we leave and chats amiably. A short man but not slight, with small delicate hands. Much of the talk is of politics, in which he is passionately interested and active – as a Social Democrat.

He, too, says that he could not live anywhere in Germany except in Berlin. "Well, perhaps right in the middle of the Ruhr. At least there would be movement around me, not just sitting."

He speaks with real affection of his experiences in America, including a stay in a motel in Ocean City, Maryland, where he spent two weeks alone working on political speeches for the last German election. "The people thought I was crazy. In a motel but no car. I loved it. And the strangeness for me gave me wonderful perspective for the speeches."

Asked his opinion of American reviews of his books, he says, "I like them, but they find so many symbols. Sometimes I don't even know about these symbols myself. I discover."

France, he says, has had a declining influence on young German writers since the advent of de Gaulle. He feels that the political ferment of the 50's, the Indochina-French war and the Algerian revolt were stimulating and vitalizing to French writers. French writing in the 60's, he says, "has become needlework."

I ask his views on the controversy about the traditional versus the "new" novel, adding that I consider him a traditionalist. He shrugs in agreement. "Fiction is to tell a story." He adds, with that sly grin, "And I am a master of fiction."

Ahead of us lie Düsseldorf and Bonn (where we are to meet Chancellor Kiesinger) and Munich. I'll report.

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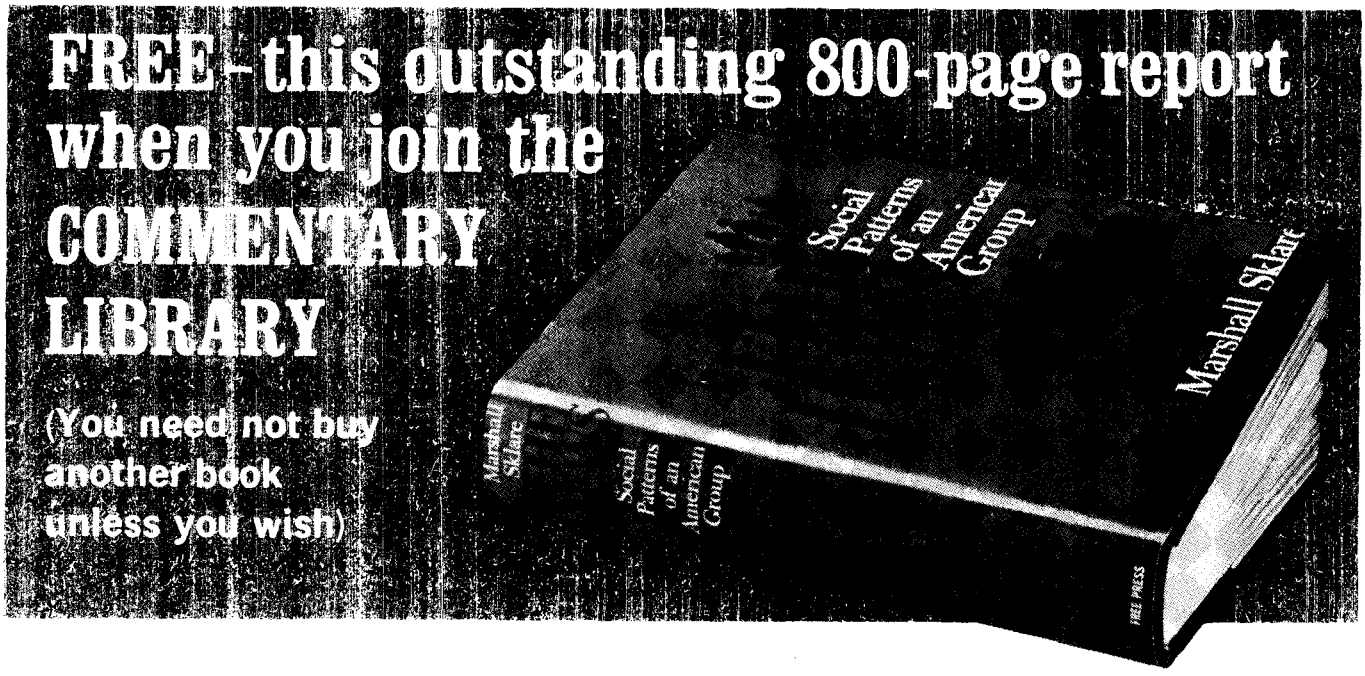
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